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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

What Crinkle Would Say If He Lectured at the Lyceum—The Mechanics of Love—An Ivory Camille and a Tumultuous Armand—Daly's Booking System an Intolerable Nuisance—How this Manager Has Drilled the Press to Things that He Likes—The Midsummer Night's Dream a Triumph of Realism and a Revelation of Color.

Miss Cellular Tissue wants to know why I do not lecture on stage art some afternoon at the Lyceum Theatre.

This is sarcasm, bitter and biting.

If I were going to lecture there, apropos of my friend Mr. F. F. Mackay's endeavors, I should not select stage art as my theme. I could best reply to Mr. Mackay's instructive but lop-sided lecture by discoursing on the mechanics of love, or the dynamics of hope, or the acoustics of spirituality.

If I selected love, I should have a big diagram on the stage showing all the primary elements of that passion, and I would then proceed to build up love in a correct architectural manner, and show my pupils how they could admire, esteem and adore someone according to a correct system.

I would point out all the errors and disasters that ensue simply because people do not love with a trained knowledge of the elements.

I would demonstrate satisfactorily that if people would only acquire a thorough understanding of their love machinery, there would be less trouble and more art in the matter.

Do you know what would be the result?

The young men and young women who listened to me would be thoroughly convinced through their reason that my analysis was correct and my system excellent. Then they would go out into the world and do just exactly what the world has been doing ever since mankind was divided into correlative sexes, whose attractiveness was placed utterly beyond the reason.

The young man would some day meet a piece of calico or a head of tow-hair, and every faculty in him would spring up without a shadow of reason and go out to that particular person. All his friends would point out to him that she was hideous; he would reply that he likes hideous women. They would tell him that she was not of his class; he would reply that he hated his class with a bitter hatred. They would inform him that he could not be happy with her, and he would answer: "It is the one burning desire of my soul to be miserable with her."

What are you going to do with this? If you shut him up on bread and water he laughs at locksmiths and starvation with a new heroism. If you cut him off with a shilling he will go to work like a slave.

It is perfectly useless to appeal to his taste, his judgment or his conscience.

He prefers that girl in a coffee-sack to any other girl in brocade. If she looks in his face and tells him black is white and twice two make nine-and-five-eighths, he calls it inspiration. If she puts her arms around him he confuses it with religion.

He is not an artist.

No, but he is a human being, and he is made of those mysterious compounds that have peopled the earth, reared the family altar and spread the patriarchal tree from Abraham to Gladstone.

The fact is that Nature and not Art draws the sexes together having first endowed them with the affinities, the repulsions, the functions and the appetites that may be regulated but cannot be created by empirical law, and any imitation of which must signally fail of accomplishing its purpose.

What has this to do with acting?

Much. Acting ought to be and is the expression of endowment as well as the manifestation of acquirement.

It isn't alone what we do with our reason, but what we do with a perfectly unknowable instinct that often wins.

It is not always the thing that can be explained with a chart that sweeps men to victory and carries women to martyrdom.

The everlasting triumphs of the human heart are not worked out of a book of equations nor set down on isothermal lines. You can't analyze a mother's prayer with a spectrum, nor measure eloquence with a spirit-level.

Mr. F. F. Mackay's mechanics had this defect—they were only mechanics. A writer in the *Mail and Express* admirably summed up

the trouble by saying that the whole theory and system was grounded in materialism.

Mr. Mackay, like hundreds of other thinkers and workers, has got himself into a metaphysical hole by overlooking the psychic element in acting.

This is virtually his position: "I see a telegraph wire," he says, "I observe that there is a battery at one end of it. I perceive that ideas and emotions go over the wire. If I disarrange the battery or cut the wire, the ideas will not go over. So I conclude that the ideas are evolved by the battery or by the wires; and consequently, if you want ideas and emotions all you have to do is to have batteries and wires."

This is materialism in a nutshell.

But enough. Modjeska, freshened by Plympton, made her *entrée* on Monday night.

Will you permit me to observe that she had an extra barnstorming wrinkle or two.

the echo of it in the Sixth Avenue. Modjeska, whose discretion is of a plaintive and embroidered sort, was jarred a little in the scene of that fourth act by Plympton's tumultuousity, that came down like a wolf on the fold. It's astonishing what a lot of resonance there is to Plympton when all his stops are open.

Aye, and enthusiasm, too.

He is so energetic that we lose sight of the fact that he mouths terribly. Some of his enthusiasm gets into his vowels, and curls round his consonants. His Rs have the burr of a telephone and his Ls are like the sad sea waves. His sibilants cut like a rip-saw, and he stabs you with his aspirants. He has a whole armory in his throat and he uses it sometimes as if there was a riot.

Perhaps it is a good thing that we only get him at intervals. I think he coquets with the public. He don't want them to see too much of him—would rather blaze out now and

it was a kind of sop to the metropolis to engage Plympton when the company got here. But even Plympton couldn't save the company from the suspicion of mediocrity. The performance was a star performance.

Modjeska was not so much of an event as the production of *The Midsummer Night's Dream* at Daly's.

And even that was not so much of an event as it ought to have been.

Mr. Daly's English booking system at his theatre is to most people an intolerable nuisance. I hear complaints of it everywhere.

It is ostensibly adopted to stop ticket speculating. I'd give five dollars to know if it does; and if it does if the result is worth the discomfort it costs.

The precision of Mr. Daly's performances is now proverbial. He has succeeded in cajoling criticism to regard his productions from the Daly point of view. That is to say the in-

ing ingenuity of setting, to subordination of all individuality to the composite charm.

Mr. Daly in this respect is *raf* generally among managers.

This will account for the utter want of individuality in the commendations of Mr. Daly's work.

The success on Tuesday night was exactly such a success as Mr. Irving has now and again made. The eye is caught by the smoothness of the gloss, and the judgment is beguiled into the belief that the fibre is fine.

If Mr. Daly were to produce *Macbeth* the result would be the same. It would be so objectively novel and brilliant that nobody would ask if Ada Rehan could play *Lady Macbeth*. It would be enough that Mr. Daly thinks so, and his stage-management would prove it.

The upshot of all this is that *The Midsummer Night's Dream* is a triumph of realism and will be accepted by the public as a Shakespearean revelation.

The more color—the more revelation. That is the rule.

And it would be impossible to crowd more color upon one stage than Mr. Daly has heaped upon his. In this respect he is far superior to Mr. Irving in æsthetic taste, much as Mr. Irving has been lauded.

In the matter also of redistributing Shakespeare's material according to the prevailing dramatic methods Mr. Daly is distinctly a master, and has an American contempt for tradition. If he wants a panorama he doesn't consult Holloghed. If machinery will help him out he seizes it without reference to time, only it is stamped "Daly" on every lever.

The banquet scene in his *Taming of the Shrew* was the most brilliant anachronism of our day, and the most successful. Even the pressed Philadelphia brick houses in the old Verona street that I once saw at Booth's was not as realistic.

My dear MIRROR, great is Mr. Daly, but when it comes to writing about him, let us not forget that we are not in his company.

Something ought to be said about Riddle before I get through, but just as I was going to say it that tea-party at the Union Square Theatre came off. I went down there, of course. In fact, I'm down there now, and this is Wednesday. If I were to tell you how Mr. Hill entertained the Nineteenth Century Club with a double braid of amateurs and professionals, you would not get to press with your paper.

So I hire a messenger and rush this off to you—with just this postscript—One of the beauties in Mr. Hill's new piece, *A Possible Case*, has kicked already. I believe Miss Grace Henderson is not to appear in it after all.

Ten to one the misunderstanding was about the dresses. Ten to one she wanted the play adapted to the costume. Ten to one J. M. H. smiled in his bland way and didn't see it.

But if you give this away there will be no getting through Union Square to-morrow morning, on account of the good looking girls who will be applying for the part.

NYM CRINKLE.

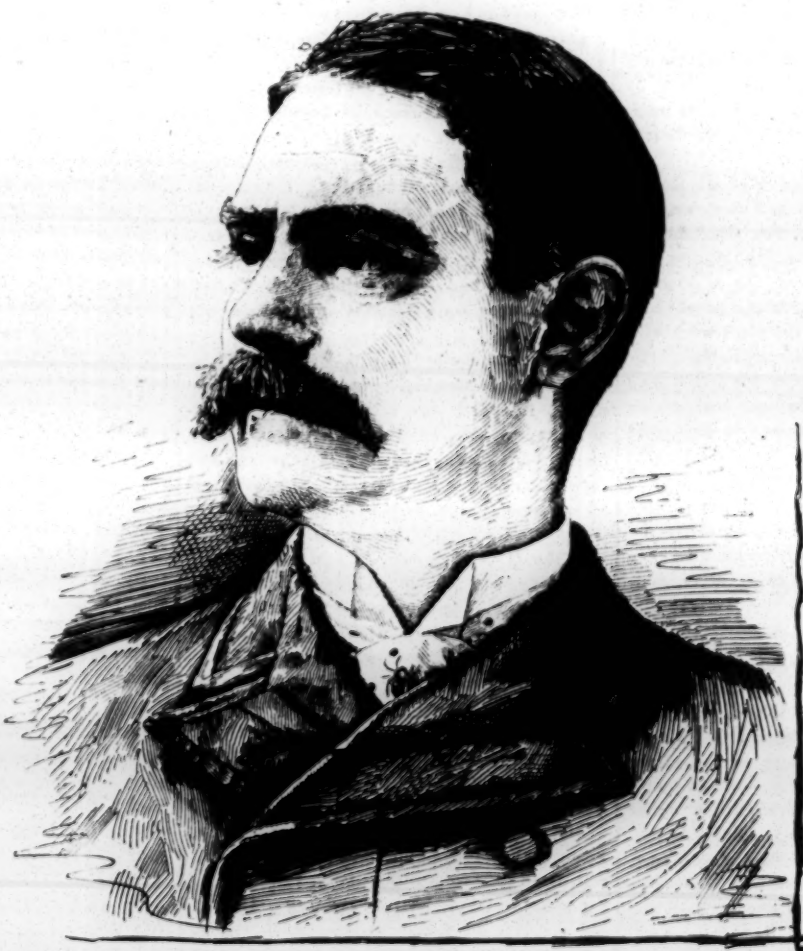
A Fabrication, Of Course.

For some time past the morning newspapers have played havoc with truth in reporting stage matters. One of the most flagrant of these cases was perpetrated on Sunday last, when a story appeared in the *Times*, alleging that William H. Crane had publicly snubbed Col. Robert G. Ingersoll by abruptly rising at a social gathering of friends, among whom was the well-known orator, and leaving the room because Col. Ingersoll was making some observations not calculated to meet the views of orthodox believers. Mr. Crane was afterwards reported as saying that although Mr. Ingersoll was a pleasant man personally, he had no patience with his "self-appointed apostleship."

A reporter of this journal encountered Mr. Crane at the Union Square Theatre yesterday, and showed him the article.

"There is not a word of truth in the whole thing," said Mr. Crane. "The report states that I was present with Mr. Ingersoll at a gathering a fortnight ago. I have not seen Mr. Ingersoll since about a month ago, when I passed a very pleasant Sunday evening at his house. I never made use of the remarks attributed to me. Mr. Ingersoll has one of the loveliest homes in the world, and the most charming influences about him that I ever saw or deemed possible."

The receipts of *The Henrietta* since its production at the Union Square Theatre are given as \$66,436.87.



LEW DOCKSTADER.

Camille! Bless my soul, what is there left to be said of Camille? The worst play and the best; the most morbid, the most popular; the most intense, the most immoral; the most familiar and still the most interesting. Type of the forbidden, it is still the paragon of the most acceptable. Ethically upside down, it is yet dramatically rooted in the sympathies of the world.

Modjeska is an ivory camille, superbly carved. Every inch of Clara Morris was flesh and blood. One shines with Parian lustre, the other palpitates.

Mr. Eben Plympton, who appears to have settled into a consummate jobber—a sort of guerrilla genius who darts out of the chaparral and makes a dash at this, that or the other caravan where there are good dramatic spoils—descended with all his might upon Armand Duval.

He made it ring. You could have heard

then, so that we can feel how gloomy and quiet it is when he's gone.

His Armand Duval is an explosive fellow. But it is explosion that lifts people. At the end of that fourth act he had disrupted the parquet and dismantled the gallery and splintered Camille.

Modjeska, with a fine artistic sense, does not die of consumption. That is vulgar. She does not even die of a broken heart. No; she dies of shock. It is perfectly plain that Plympton kills her through her nervous system.

She is stunned in that fourth act, and she never recovers from it.

I consider this a very fine stretch of imagination on her part.

If Plympton were playing all the time and expending his nervous energy, he couldn't do this.

He stores himself up, as it were, by refusing contracts.

domitable spirit of the man that makes every play a reflection of his personal industry and personal views, has made the press to a great extent like his company.

The natural or acquired fitness of his people to special lines is never discussed or questioned—only the general correctness and beauty are praised. If you read the accounts of Ada Rehan in a score of impersonations they are the same, "The charming Miss Rehan delighted her audience." Of course she did.

But that is not worth saying. Mr. Daly delights his audiences, but it's awfully platitudinous to print it, because Mr. Daly likes it.

I regard the production of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* as a very striking triumph of a good stock company. But I can see that the triumph belongs to Mr. Daly, not to any member of that stock company. Its excellencies are due to device, to adjustment, to painstaking

At the Theatres.

On Monday night Fanny Davenport presented to a large audience at the Grand Opera House the powerful and interesting play of *Fedora*. The most critical minds of the best instructed centres of theatrical knowledge have so often descended upon the forceful impersonation of Princess Fedora by this able actress that it becomes a mere matter of record to say that on this occasion her subtle and refined art, her graceful methods and the range and depth of her emotional power were in all respects equal to that expectation which was the outcome of past achievements; nor is it a mere flattering compliment to say that the beautiful actress looked superb. The spontaneous applause of the house at every act was a tribute to a singularly fine performance. The support was creditable, and played with that responsive vim which always is the reflex of a truly sympathetic leader. Judith Berolde played the Countess and gave a comedy reading to the part which indicated that with more experience and study she will become an interesting and skillful actress. She must, however, to attain that distinction, so control the nervous excitability of inexperience as to refrain from eloquent deliverances so inaccurate as "afternoon," "mustard" and a "sailed of letters." H. A. Carr acted Cyrille, the coachman, and the small part afforded an opportunity for a stroke of pathos and art which the actor grasped. Melbourne McDowell gave a vigorous representation of Loris, perhaps with a little too much violence of action. Jean de Sireux was carefully acted by Archibald Cowper. The play was poorly mounted.

A good house greeted Michael Strogoff at the Windsor on Monday night. The thrilling situations and startling climaxes with which this play teems, were, as usual, sandwiched between a concourse of specialty artists, dancers, and coryphæes, that considerably detracted from the story, yet amused and pleased the audience. The cast was headed by Atkins Lawrence, who was painstaking and effective as Michael Strogoff. D. E. Ralston as Ivan was hardly capable of fulfilling the requirements of the role. As the correspondents, E. J. Hansen and Charles Klein, were amusing if not edifying. Helen Jones as Maria, Florine Arnold as Nadia, and Go-won-go Mohawk (the Indian maiden) as Sanguera, were satisfactory. In its entirety the performance was creditable, if not strikingly meritorious. Lights of London next week.

The Third Avenue Theatre had a gala night on Monday, when Corinne made her first appearance in *Arcadia* before a New York audience. The theatre was so crowded long before the curtain rose that hundreds were unable to obtain admission. Since seen in this city *Arcadia* has been rewritten. It proved to be a good medium to introduce "The little dancing ray of sunshine," as Corinne has been called.

Corinne as Tom-Tom sang and danced her way from the start into the hearts of all present, and her every appearance was the signal for a round of applause. She has a clear, sweet voice, and a more graceful dancer is seldom seen. Her Scotch sword-dance brought down the house. Charles Postelle as Sallie Waters was capital, and Newton Chisnell's Piper would make the heart of any Scotchman glad. James Sargens and Francesca Redding did good work. Jennie Kimball made a stately Queen. The chorus was all that could be wished, both in voice and appearance. Several specialties were introduced. Among these, the dancing elephant, by the Parker brothers, caused much laughter. Baby Pig Boney made lots of fun.

Corinne's engagement is to last three weeks, and, judging from Monday evening's reception, she should play to large profits. Mr. Jacobs deserves a word of praise for the excellent variety of entertainments he is presenting at this theatre.

Mme. Modjeska's engagement at the Fourteenth Street Theatre began on Monday. It was not signalled by a novelty, for the finished actress appeared in one of the earliest characters associated with her career—Camille. Her interpretation of the hot-house heroine is an old story. It is not altogether the Camille of Dumas; it is fragile, dainty, subtle and wrapped in a gauzy robe of purity. It is safe to take young girls to see Modjeska's Camille, for she has robbed it of passion and flung it with the incense of purity. Such a proper cocotte's sacrifice is less effective artistically than the tragic self-abnegation of the genuine article. Nevertheless it is a delicate and pleasing performance. Mr. Plympton's Armand was fiery and boisterous. Mr. Vandenhoff made an excellent De Varville. Prudence was humorously played by Mrs. Pennoyer.

On Tuesday evening Modjeska was seen as Rosalind, which she acted very charmingly indeed, as is her wont. Miss Shaw was an excellent Celia. Mr. Vandenhoff a scholarly Jaques, and Mr. Plympton an ardent Orlando. The Touchstone and Audrey of W. F. Owen and Clara Ellison were unctuous impersonations—both of them.

Kate Claxton and Charles Stevenson produced *The World Against Her*, melodrama, by Frank Harvey, on Wednesday night of last week at the People's. The plot, which Mirror correspondents have narrated, is composed of

materials that have long been favored by the makers of domestic dramas. The piece is effective because it deals with stuff that has always been found to meet the approval of the crowd. Miss Claxton is equipped with a character that enables her to do some skillful acting in the inglorious and persecuted vein, while Mr. Stevenson is mainly in the part of the husband.

There is a new bill at Dockstader's this week, introducing several new performers. Mr. Dockstader is reorganizing the company and getting a more efficient party thereby.

New York was treated at Tony Pastor's on Monday to a lot of old-time minstrel business at the hands of the Moran and Thomas' San Francisco Minstrel company, whose performance gratified a large audience. William Birch was enthusiastically applauded and Frank Moran divided the honors with him. The company introduced some excellent singing and dancing.

On Wednesday Manager J. M. Hill opened his long anticipated series of musical and literary matinees at the Union Square Theatre, filling his seats this time with the members of the Nineteenth Century Club and other invited guests. Admitting that there ever has been a gap between society and the profession, it was most pleasantly bridged on this occasion. The auditorium was crowded with a peculiarly choice and brilliant party of representative people; chosen from the best walks of literature, the drama, and the professions, and "The Autocrat" would have seen for a second time the Manhattan, Brattle street and Temple place interchanging cards.

Out of the very varied but entertaining programme we have space for but a few hasty notes. President Courtland Palmer opened the performance with a few introductory remarks, and Courtland Palmer, Jr., with Mr. F. Sinzig played a four-handed Rondo in excellent taste. Joseph Haworth made a good Hamlet to Lillie Eldridge's Queen in the closet scene. Alice I. Shaw whistled her favorite polka in a way to stir many tripping feet in the audience. Robert Hillard recited Frank Dupres's California poem "Lasca" tastefully and well, and Mary I. Dunn sang one or two numbers with good method and a particularly sweet voice. There was piano-playing by Messrs. Sinzig and Cernosek, humorous recitation by Wilder, and a violin solo by Bertha Behrens.

Finally, and most interesting of all, Robert Hillard recited with scene and costume, Buchanan's gruesome poem, *Fra Giacomo*, to the dumb show of Lulu Darling, Marion Lee and Charles Kent. It would be a doubtful experiment to put many dramatic poems into action in such fashion, but the piece went with particularly striking and even lurid effect. Hillard was perhaps stronger in his action than his reading, and Kent filled out his *persona muta* with vigorous pantomime. A whispered comment in our neighborhood suggested that it was "awfully trying for the girl" (the lifeless Francesca, namely). Was it the impulsive tribute of a woman to that superb self-command which enabled a sister woman to keep perfectly quiet for twenty consecutive minutes?

Heart of Hearts is drawing finely at the Madison Square, and in spite of contrary gossip, it is likely to finish the season there. The play, if a trifle thin in respect to its serious interests, is strengthened by its clever comedy scenes which, happily, are frequent. The delicious passages between the butler James and Miss Wilhelmina, admirably presented by Mr. Stoddard and Mrs. Davenport, go with shouts of laughter. The entanglements of the supposititious splinter and the outbreaks of the righteous Robbins are not the only features of the performance in which the spectators find enjoyment. The excellent acting of Miss Burroughs and Messrs. Flockton, Massen and Holland is duly appreciated.

There isn't much fuss made over *The Wife at the Lyceum*, but it is running smoothly and pleasantly along a career of genuine success. People go to see it again and again, and always find it a source of real enjoyment. The play owes a good deal of its popularity to the admirable manner in which it is acted.

It is more than likely that our great-grandchildren will grow up and take their best girls to see *Ermione* at the Casino. It is a wonder in the comic opera line. Ever since it came back the house has been crowded every night, and people are rushing for seats far in advance. It has been given now nearly 700 times.

The 150th representation of *The Henrietta* is now not far off, and there will be another celebration at the Union Square. The comedy continues to flourish with undiminished vigor, and there will undoubtedly be the same order of things up to the production of the Possible Case.

Paul Kauvar will probably reach the end of the twelve weeks designed for its run at the Standard. More changes in the company are on the tapis. Business, which was fair, dropped toward the end of last week.

Marum's houses at the Academy rejoice Mr. Krality's heart.—The Ideals are doing a

frightfully bad business at the Fifth Avenue. New Yorkers are not likely to accept *Zelle de Lussan* under any circumstances. But it is impossible that they should do so surrounded by such a vile company as the present.—The Star Theatre presents *Check 44* another week. Mestayer's latest absurdity has not taken hold very tenaciously.—L'Abbe Constantin is not interesting the town, and the houses at Wallack's are accordingly of the old, accustomed sort—bad.

The Musical Mirror.

The Fifth Popular Young People's matinee was given at Steinway's on Saturday afternoon. The programme began, fitly enough, with Schwarwenka's *Arcadia* suite, No. 76. It is a composition expressly written for young people—young in soul, that is, with wrinkles on their brows, it may be, but none in their hearts. Especially is it grateful to those frank and naïf lovers of music who have not taken up the last "wrinkle" of mystic interpretation and portentous meaning. It means nothing, if you choose, yet it means a great deal that is sweet and lovely—Spring airs and country merrymaking, and passionate shepherds, and blushing brides walking with white veils and downcast eyes to church. It grasps at no awful truths; it is fraught with no ponderous symbolism; it is fresh, graceful and dainty as a cowslip or a maiden's smile. A new school enthusiast, from Weimar, pronounced it "trivial," which in his European tongue meant more than insignificant, and carried the hint of cheapness or vulgarity. Let us be duly glad, with Schiller, that "we too were born in *Arcadia*." Sunlight and flowers, and soft lips and dancing feet are trivial things no doubt. Let us thank Heaven for triviality.

Joseffy played the beautiful Chopin-Tausig Concerto No. 1 in E minor, which always leaves the uninitiate in pleasant doubt as to just how much of its charm is due to Chopin's weird fancy—how much to the delicate gossamer tracery of the skillful adapter. If gossamer is to be played on the piano, there is just one man on the earth's surface who can do it in right-spider-fashion, and that man is Joseffy. Words fail in the attempt to give a notion of the exquisite softness and refinement, the lace-work minuteness and pearly clearness of his ornamentation. A fanciful critic declared that he ran his scales (stairs) as if they were carpeted with velvet. He might sentimentalize a bit more, and put more color, or boldness, or eccentricity into his phrasing and marking of theme; but Joseffy never overphrases. He is the artist, not the sentimentalist. He may not quite carry out your individual conception at special points, but he never shocks or contradicts it. The *Liist Hungarian Rhapsody* No. 6 was snappy and spirited, like its brethren, and played as only Thomas' merryman can play it.

Massenet's Ballet *Le Cid*, marked in the programme as new, is a series of short movements, intended to illustrate the different types of Spanish womanhood and beauty—the Andalusian, the Arragonese, and the rest. They are of varying charm, though all are suggestive and striking. THE MIXON's cockney prejudices incline it to cleave unto the Madrilenas, who, to most tastes, will probably seem the most fascinating of the whole bevy. The title is rather a puzzle—for what should the stern and warlike Cid have to do with a lot of sinuous and saltatory coryphæes? A wicked wag in our neighborhood suggested as a possible explanation that the weary hero was wont to solace his martial soul in this light-minded way "between fights." We offer the suggestion for what it is worth.

The fifth concert of the Symphony Society, given at the Metropolitan on Saturday, was calculated to leave a rather mixed and incoherent impression on the memory. In such concerts it is the part of an enterprising management to keep the musical public "posted" on all the better modern and contemporary compositions of merit, while it continues to do justice to the established and the classical. Along with Beethoven and Mozart, therefore, we may expect, as we certainly desire to hear the work of younger authors, who stand as significant illustrations of modern tendencies, theories, or methods. It was right, doubtless, to offer the production of a comparatively unknown composer—the F minor Symphony of C. Villiers Stanford, while it is equally the right of the listener to credit the experiment with an only measurable degree of success.

The title of the Symphony—The Irish—indicates its predominant character. The themes are more or less familiar Irish airs, blended, varied, and adorned with whatever of contrapuntal or technical skill the author possesses. Unfortunately these are not notably strong. The orchestration is apt to be thin and commonplace if not crude, and the whole work shows but a moderate level of poetic imagination or technical skill. It may be doubted if an adapter of more modest pretensions might not have produced a more pleasing result by scoring the kindly old "tunes" with a minimum of orchestral device, and letting them sing themselves "just dry so," as they say on the Georgian plantations.

Of the two Saint-Saens numbers, *Le Rouet d'Omphale* was decidedly the more striking, with its quaint suggestion—carried by the upper strings—of the whirling, buzzing spinning-wheel which poor, love-sick Hercules so patiently turned—and sometimes turns even now. Smetana's Overture to a Comedy was a charming bit, bright, dainty, and spirited, and

admirably rendered by the orchestra. Rubinstein's brilliant concerto in D minor for piano and orchestra, found an excellent interpreter in Fal. Adele aus der Ohe, whose firm and brilliant technique roused the warmest enthusiasm, especially in the difficult allegro, with its exacting claim on skill and endurance. It would be sad if a girl with such a conspicuous name should turn out a commonplace performer; but there is no danger. If so much be done in the green tree of her young maidenhood, what shall be done in the dry—when age and study have steered her muscles, broadened her taste, and perfected her methods!

The last number was a kind of anti-climax, the sort of thing to "play-out" an audience, like a church voluntary. Goldmark's overture to *Sakuntala* is a thoroughly second-rate composition, with little of the author's proverbial warmth of orchestral color, and essentially commonplace, not to say tedious in theme and treatment.

On Wednesday of last week Mme. Biro de Marion, late of the Metropolitan Opera, gave a concert at Steinway Hall with the assistance of several local artists, vocal and others. The concert was in effect a beneficiary one, offered to Mme. de Marion by her friends as a sort of *fête de consolation* for her lack of recognition on the German opera stage. In this light it is worth while to state just how the lady commends herself to a maturer inspection. As heard on Wednesday, then, Mme. de Marion appears to have a robust mezzo-soprano of fair range, but of extremely harsh and jarring quality, best described by the vulgar tone little boys are used to get out of a bit of paper and fine-toothed comb, or their sisters by laying a sheet of music over the piano-strings. This feature is least perceptible in quiet and smooth cantabile passages in the upper register, as in her favorite morceau from Freischütz, "Wie Nahte mir der Schlummer." In other, especially in agitated declamatory work, and in the medium register, it is apt to become positively distressing. She sings with a broad and vigorous method which shows signs of training and study, but has little delicacy or refinement. No method, were it that of Pasta and Sonntag blended, could make head against the set-back of an organ so ungrateful.

As the lady's friends have chosen to appeal—not merely by this testimonial, but through sundry accompanying programmes, press-extracts, correspondence and the like—from the popular verdict passed on her at the Metropolitan, it becomes the duty of the faithful chronicler gently but firmly to reaffirm that verdict. That she may at one time have been a pleasing and brilliant singer is possible enough; that she is so now, or is likely to be again, would be too much to hope. It is quite superfluous to seek in the suggestion of personal and professional rivalry or jealousy, the explanation of an insuccess which rests solely with the artist. The hostile influences in Mme. de Marion's case are simply *vox et praeterea nihil*.

The assisting performers of the programme in no respect rose above the level of the profoundest commonplace. In one or two instances they were so amusingly incompetent as to send the thoughtful hearer away musing sadly on that impalpable but impenetrable mist of delusion which veils the would-be artist's eye, and shuts him in from all proper estimate of his own merits or the public appreciation.

That Mr. Gerry and his society should object to little Hofmann's playing as much and as often as he pleases is kindly, certainly. The plous little boy in *Jane Eyre* preferred singing a hymn to getting a ginger-bread out. Perhaps the lad likes his work and, like most work we enjoy, it does him no harm.

But when leaving aside the wonderful little lad's bodily welfare we look to the salvation of his artistic soul, the question changes. All high art achievement is the product of long, solicitous and self-denying labor. The great artist grows, if he does not bloom, in comparative seclusion, and thrives on an ascetic regime unnecessary to ruder natures. The gardener who tenderly raises a black-tulip or a Victoria Regia does not drag it from its bed, pop it into a six-penny pot and peddle it round the fairs and markets at so much a peep. Our concert-stages are crowded with *fruits secs*, mediocre performers once dazzling with promise, but stunted, alas! in the growing.

Now genius—it is no cant to say it—is at once a duty and a consecration. A talent like Hofmann's is like Dr. Holmes' egg, already alluded to in these columns, a sort of promissory note, good to the artistic public for a great artist some day long hence. It is the public's right to insist that the note shall, if possible, be paid at maturity, and to protest against the tendency of foolish or selfish administrators to discount its future value in cheap "and petty gains beforehand" Josef is much such a promissory note. As matters go now, he runs the risk of being, artistically, spoiled, or at least debarré, from properly appreciating, before manhood. The present joy of rural amateurs and gushing mothers of families should be postponed for the real interests of higher art and a finer appreciation in the future. Carlyle, we all know, wanted young men *barricaded* from fifteen to twenty-one, or thereabouts. If Mr. Gerry could supply such a barrel, with a properly devised barrel-organ inside for young Hofmann's constant practice, all true music-lovers would gladly subscribe to its entertainment.

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The Giddy Gusher.



When Mr. Heron-Allen was devoting himself to the deciphering of the human hand the Gusher contemplated tempting fate and knowing the worst, but put it off with other things till the departure of that gentleman left her in the old state of ignorance about herself.

Here, the other day, she met an amiable, pleasant little gentleman named Montez, who really told her some blessed funny things that seem very unlikely to have left their autographs on the palm of her hand.

There were some difficulties at the beginning of the interview. The line of life authoritatively indicates that the Gusher would live to be a hundred and twenty-five, that she would rise to untold heights as a temperance lecturer, that ossification of the heart had taken place several years ago, and that her object in life had been the accumulation of money. This struck us all as being "all off," so the Gusher washed her hands and it made all the difference in the world. The one hundred and twenty-five years turned out to be pencil tracks. The temperance lecturer came right off, and Mr. Mendez discovered that the heart-line ruled my life, that I never had any money and was never likely to have any. Then it was plain as a newly printed book and the lovely character he gave me is going to be boiled down and put on marble for elevation when the Gusher will cease to gush.

One would suppose it required a pretty long acquaintance to discern little tricks and traits the amiable hand-reader read on my hand. For instance, that I can remember anything I read, anything bought, a good story or a situation till the crack of doom. But I can't distinguish faces, nor keep figures in my head while you are telling them to me.

That very day I had an instance of the truth of that assertion. On an elevated car I looked up into the face of my beloved Hopper. A face associated with so much pleasure to me—as he flew in off a windy platform—there was a natural exclamation of satisfaction as he settled down beside me, and after so long a separation the tide of talk rose.

I asked how Langtry was doing. I spoke of general theatrical prosperity outside. I chinned of metropolitan success and failures. I just began to glow and commence a congratulatory oration on the clever acting of Georgia, his wife, when I looked into his dear eyes and found out I was not talking to Maurice Barrymore. "Who on earth is it?" thought I, and on the next block it came to me like a revelation. I was sitting by my idolized one, my beloved Hopper. I didn't tell him, but the way I switched from Langtry and her business to McCaull and his lame leg was something to rattle the hearer.

Here some little time ago I was on a railroad car and met, as I thought, A. M. Palmer, talked shop for several miles, and in the most amiable way possible thanked him for some recent act of courtesy to me, and expressed the delight evenings passed in his place had occasioned. When a remark about Clara puzzled me, and I looked Mr. Palmer carefully over and found it was Mr. Harriott, Clara Morris' husband. These people do not look alike. There's only a vague, general outline and faint resemblance, but I "mix those children up" in real Buttercup fashion.

Now, Mr. Handreader told me all that just as if he'd known me for years; said I was "quick and awful in temper, but cherished no lasting animosity—save for one offence, deception," which is as true as possible; said I had "been born a man, my hand as a ready fist would have settled all my difficulties; I had a regular John L. Sullivan soul," which is truer than possible. He told me lots that was interesting and curious when found in the lines of a hand.

Then, of course, I got interested in the clever, philosophic, sad-faced man who discovered so many traits of character in the mysterious tracery of nature on the palm, and I toted him off to a lot of my friends.

The world has not run as smooth with Mr. Montez as with Mr. Heron Allen. He is not a favorite of fortune just now, but the patient smile and frank avowal with which he treats matters wins you to like and wish him well. Therefore, after working all my contingency in his behalf, I ask my MIRROR constituency to send to 78 East Ninth street to Mr. F. N. Montez who will call, and for a small, almost ridiculous, fee, they can get acquainted with themselves, and increase the prosperity of a clever, agreeable gentleman.

That's one experience of the week. The other was not as agreeable. At a French breakfast I was induced to eat my first snail. I looked upon a party of Gallic friends serenely picking out India rubber-like things, float-

ing in grease, with a little grated garlic on their heads, from the intricacies of the snail-shells, and thought it would be pleasant to follow the fashion.

I seized my cornucopia; I dumped Mr. Snail into its yawning mouth. I looked with distrust at the instantaneous flood of fat that stained the paper. "Thinks I, angle worms, Croton-bugs and slugs, are too rich for your blood, my dear; but the imitative is strong in them. I always will do as the others do, wherever I am. Down went the snail—one bite—between my teeth. I discovered my error. The boneless horror paralyzed me; but like a great many errors women discover too late to recover, the snail was in possession.

You talk of the slave of the ring—the slave of the lamp. I was the slave of the snail. A ghastly flavor of garlic pervaded me like an odor from the tomb of Cheops. Wild decay seemed to have set in. I burst away from the company of my friends, believing the snail and I had better be alone. I took it in a Hansom all over New York; about two I was heartily sick of the society. I concluded to call in friends to arbitrate the matter. We (the snail and I,) went to Dr. Robertson. He was out. We drove up town. Lew and Lucia and Joe, stalwart trio of devoted pals, left business and pleasure to sympathize and devise means of relief. I explained the manners and customs of the marine tenant. Lew knew a few facts; one, that "they were hard to kill." I recalled with terror the fact that the shell from which I dragged him had an uncooked appearance. Lucia remembered that even when "cut in two another tail grew on the head part, a second head grew on the tail part."

"Twin monsters will be the result of this fatal day," cried I. "I bit him squarely in two."

Joseph repeated the lovely verses of Holmes about the Nautilus, who leaves one home only to build over his back a bigger and a better one. All then agreed the snail belonged to the Nautilus family. A vision of that slug collecting his building materials and putting up a hardshell tenement over his remains within my distracted interior swept with ghastly force against the walls of my brain.

"Go for cocaine, for morphia, for some subtle drug that will render me deaf, dumb, numb and blind to this terrible condition of things," shouted I.

"Speak lower," counseled Lew. "You must not give yourself away to him. Do as I do with enemies. Ask him to drink—see if you can't use pacific measures to advantage before going to greater lengths."

We treated him to a little old rye immediately. It made him hilarious. I endured the carnival twenty minutes. We repeated the dose. I became convinced the Buddenstick bug had beguiled the building of the unearthly tenement.

"Let me drown him in Burgundy," said Joe. We tried it.

"Let some one sing," said Lucia, "music has charms to soothe the savage."

We sat like a spirit seance, while in sweet accord the trio sang, "Nearer my God to Thee," and "Who Will Care for Mother Now?"

Partial success crowned the efforts of my dear friends. There was a quiet interval, when with renewed intensity the fact of ownership was clearly demonstrated. By this time friendship was exhausted.

"Come, come," cried Lucia, "we can't be expected to keep this wake up (the hand-reader said she could not disguise a little selfishness she possessed) life's too short to spend it wholly in sympathy. You've brought this on yourself."

"Into myself," corrected I. "She's right," assented Lew. "You and your snail can't take up our time any longer."

"We've got to hear a second act read despite the misery we know exists in the world," said Joe.

I recognized the truth of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's great poem, "Laugh and the world laughs with you," but go on with your snails alone. Preparations were made with much enthusiasm to hear the play. We concluded to stay. What mattered more trouble when I had so much.

The reading begun. Almost at the outset my new tenant was affected. It realized it was in for it, and before that act was finished the snail's vitality was extinct. "The play's the thing," it killed him (or her). That which had survived a hot oven, had smothered in fat and imbedded in garlic, had endured unscathed impalement on a silver snail pick, had ridiculed decapitation, defied drink, quietly yielded up its life at hearing one act of a play. The destructive force of the whole piece, when produced, can be calculated by a good mathematician from the effect I have described.

There's but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous we all know. That aphorism was demonstrated last week out at New Rochelle. The careless disposition of the ashes of the dead after cremation has already led to several catastrophes. Here my friend Maria went off to see an aunt the other day whose husband had been cremated a year ago. Maria had the best room and had occupied it a week when her aunt remarked how beautifully white Maria's teeth were.

"I've been cleaning them lately with cigar

ashes, and it really is, as people say, the best dentrifice in the world."

"Where do you get your ashes? I hope you don't smoke," says Aunt.

"Oh, no, dear. I found 'em in the little vase on the mantel in my bed-room," returned Maria pleasantly. A shriek rang through the house.

"You've been cleaning your teeth with your Uncle Ebenezer," cried the widow. "It's his dear ashes that occupy that vase."

Maria is slowly recovering.

Now then, it is but a short time since the kindly spirit of John Howson deserted its earthly home, and the rites of cremation reduced the well-beloved actor's body to ashes. The widow has them safely incased at her residence at New Rochelle.

Victoria Reynolds has been there, sustaining by her friendship and sweet voice, the spirits of the bereaved Mrs. Howson. They retired early one of the coldest nights of last week, when Mrs. Howson's quick ears detected a roaring sound. She jumped up and listened. The kitchen chimney was on fire, and the sound was dreadful.

"Save yourself," cried Mrs. H., "the house is on fire."

Miss Reynolds hastily gathered her clothing and as quickly as possible rushed after her retreating friend. In the confusion she lost her, but struggling through the dark she gained the front door, and there she beheld Mrs. Howson wrapped in a fur cloak out in the snowy road with Gussie under one arm and the pot of ashes under the other.

No second cremation for him. She was rescuing the cinder from the cinders. Attentive neighbors allayed the excitement, put out the fire, and brought the half-frozen women in, when it was found that the ashes had been left outside, and a vigilant search (rewarded with success) was made.

All these accidents lead one to speculate on the adventures of a man after death, if he leaves directions to have himself cremated.

Over in the grave-yard, with a good headstone, you know where you are for some time. But uncorked in a stone post of portable construction, it's quite impossible to say what may not occur to you. At least that's the opinion of

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

Actors' Dens.

III.

Of all happy conditions of unhappy man, that of the uncumbered, well-to-do bachelor is to my mind the most salubrious. If he has taste, is artistic or musical so much the better; society's doors will always be open to him, and blest with but the average amount of wit or interest he will find himself lionized whether he will or not. Bachelors as a rule, especially professional bachelors, affect the swell boarding-house or quiet hotel, and if they be prominent or successful become the centre of an admiring circle, from whom very little is derived save the perpetual annoyance of a demand for "passes."

But there is another kind of bachelor life—a life untrammelled and independent, and quite as respectable as that of a three-times-a-day-church-going Y-M-C-A-young-man. There of course is only one place where such a life can be had, yet happily it can be had anywhere. In dear old Bohemia—a country free to all of the right spirit, where conventionality is only tolerated for convenience and the usages of society are made subservient to ease and comfort. Here is the first convenience—the electric bell. I told you bohemians were not all tramps. In a flat house you can have all the modern improvements, yet be as private as if you were forty miles in the country. We are going to the top; by the time we get there you will think it is forty miles.

Now, what do you think of that? Ecclesiastical, eh? That little lamp before his ancestral oak—I should say Buddenstick pine—is always burning when he's at home, and only goes out when he does. It speaks a silent welcome to all comers.

Now he kneels, the forehead bare, Utter low the solemn prayer.

No, you need not smell your hat. It isn't a temple, although the soft, velvety carpets and the delicate odor of joss-sticks might induce you to believe so.

Our bohemian is a prince in his way, you see. Every article is of the choicest and best. No makeshifts here. Having plenty of money, comparatively speaking, he can afford to surround himself with luxuries, and can purchase a household god whenever the spirit moves him. He has evidently gratified his taste and has spared nothing to minister to his sense of the beautiful. Look at that desk. The brass work on it would weigh a coal-dealer's ton. There he sits, with nearly eight miles of vim before him, and writes the letters to his native land, doubtless making the bosom of his great father glow with vivid and enthusiastic accounts of his hopes and triumphs. And here, with the rays of the yellow-shaded lamp forming a halo around his faun-like head, he sits while devouring the lines destined by his poetical, practical and parental manager for the public ear.

The lamp which holds the midnight oil is made from a Samovar—a unique treasure, highly valued.

It's rather warm here. The open grate glows to please the eye, but the small stove is for business. Children of the sun require warmth, and I for one don't blame them. Heat expands my nature like a balloon; but

nothing makes me so ugly and cross-grained as the beastly cold.

Every thing around speaks of his nationality—color and brightness reflected from every side. Although not a proficient in music the large stack on the piano denotes he has plenty of it in him, and his lusty voice can trill forth some of the grandest airs of his beloved country. The songs are in all languages—French, German, Spanish, Italian and English. The set he associates with are all noted for something. Those with voices rarely leave his room without giving a taste of their quality, to the delight of the neighboring flats, whose occupants are wont to hang on the balusters while absorbing the gratuitous bits of opera, buffo or fantasia. The walls show evidence of his skill in the sister art. It is his pet amusement, many delightful hours being devoted to pallet and brush. As he's rather modest we won't expatiate upon his work, as I want you to feast upon those dreams of color near by. They are Neapolitan marines, painted by a countryman lately discovered here—a man who before long will set New York crazy for his work. Did you ever see such gems? Why the boats actually float, and you can smell warm oyster shells in the liquidity of the water. That one is a bathing scene; the ladies are drying themselves on the sunny sand after a dip. The delicate flesh tints and graceful posing make an amateur's heart ache, while mentally vowing he'll try it on his cousins next Summer—weather permitting.

Vastly at variance with their bright and happy subjects is the history of those pictures. Ah! could they speak you would hear a tale of the fierce struggle of a great soul against the fiend hunger—a struggle to which genius is no stranger, and in which too often it is knocked out. Generous Bohemia, however, takes care of her own, silently, cautiously, and without ostentation caring for her less fortunate brothers.

As soon as our princely friend took him up his fortunes began to mend. A few introductions to appreciative dilettante soon turned his poetical creations into cursive currency. Just to say his name is worth the price of that frame, Cosenza—musical, isn't it? It will be a great one some day.

The unfinished water-colors are by Francis Miller—an artist of strong individuality. The photographs are unusually select for a bachelor. His father's, his own, a few choice spirits, and, strange to say, not one of the fair sex. But don't think him a woman-hater. Oh, no; he's too young to be lured by the "wiles of Venus." His absolute respect for those he loves makes him jealous of alien gaze, and he is too artistic to revel in the badly posed, simpering sisterhood.

The corner by the fireside, next to the window, is the studio. All those canvases, more or less finished, are his own work. The one on the easel is a head of Vanderdecken, a gentleman who, I believe, is yet trading some where on the Pacific Ocean.

The little work table looks very tempting. Aristocratic Turkish pipes, Turkish tobacco, and cigarettes hob-nobbing with dissipated short clays and briars. The two latter seem to be the favorites, don't they? He's an epicure in tobacco.

The other side of the room looks as if it had been taken bodily from a lady's boudoir, so tasteful the arrangement and so choice the collection of bric a brac. That old mahogany cabinet is just the thing for the dainty china—Sèvres, Dresden, Chelsea, Wedgwood. To appreciate and enjoy the last you need a magnifying glass. The stones in that flagstone floor are real, and the pearls in the old fashioned enamelled gold watch have made many a mouth water—things you'd hardly expect to find in Bohemia, pearls of course. Mouths are not scarce.

Arabia and Turkey have both contributed toward the comforts of the sofa. The silk sash and climber hanging over it both dangled at the side of Othello—the greatest of the present age. The wreath upon the helmet was a token of admiration awarded to our friend upon an occasion when he was more than usual successful. That shield in the corner, although not real, but made of heavy material, bears evidence of his father's earnestness—one savage blow having cut right through it. The fire-arms have all been used on memorable occasions, and I have heard say, that ugly looking Toledo saved his life at the expense of his opponent's fingers. The centre table, which looks so modest and convenient for a tete a tete tea, is a delusion and a snare; for upon touching a spring two leaves fly out and there is room for a party of six. Certainly, the host has to sit half way up the chimney, but what is that where friend-ship is concerned? Many a jolly party has met around that table, discussing dishes as mysterious as unpronounceable. What a happy invention is a bamboo and head portiere! You get seclusion without the exclusion of heat. It divides this from his bedroom, which is about the most novel I ever saw. The chill from painted walls is obviated by the padding, shoulder high—a dado that does credit to his invention. The brass bedstead, with its three soft mattresses and mound of quilts, show him to be a devoted servant of the drowsy god. That's rather an elaborate toilet table, and from the murderous array of cutlery I should say he had a razor for every day in the week.

The next is the chamber of his valet, cook, chamber-maid, and man-of-all-work in one—more comfortable than most help are acquainted with. He goes on the principle of "a merciful man, etc.," and finds it pays in the end. Beyond is the kitchen. Did you ever see such a collection of queer utensils, pots, pans, chafing dish, spirit kettle, preserves, sauces? It looks like the caddy of a ship; and dinners, a good deal more enjoyable, come from that little stove than I have ever eaten abroad. But then I'm a cat at sea, and go hungry on principle; it takes down my second old man appearance and preserves the *jeune premier* in tact.

When not disposed to prepare elaborate repasts at home there are certain quaint and reasonable restaurants, known to the initiated, where congregate the hairy and the smooth, who smoke between courses and eat spaghetti, capuletti and every other edible in the day's bill of fare, washed down by drafts of red wine from wicker-covered flasks. Actors, artists, musicians, professors, lawyers—they come to dine, not to devour, and willingly spare an hour or so at the day's close for the interchange of wit and experiences. His Highness often visits these places. He hears his native tongue and participates in the animated discussion so impossible to the English language, but so beneficial to American digestion. I am initiated and will introduce you. Let us go and discuss. A little faith is all that is necessary to thoroughly enjoy a dinner, and if you don't happen to know exactly what

you're eating, shut your eyes of imagination and remember—man can but die once.

A PARTY BY THE NAME OF JOHNSON.

The Amateur Stage.

THE ARCADIAN IN COMEDY.

The members and friends of the Arcadian society were afforded an agreeable surprise by the commendable ability displayed in the production of the comedieta, *Withered Leaves*, and the two act farcical comedy, *Checkmate*, at the Athenaeum on Monday evening, Jan. 23.

In *Withered Leaves* J. J. Costello played the part of Tom Conyers in a manner that elicited much approbation. B. R. Throckmorton and Charles Bellew were also the recipients of much applause. Stella Elmore acted the part of Lady Conyers with commendable dignity. J. F. Connelan did Arthur Middleton fairly well, and Ella G. Greene played May Rivers in an artistic and taking manner. In *Checkmate* J. J. Breen found a congenial role in Sir Everton Toffee, while M. H. Lindeman as the ambitious Sam Winkle afforded no end of genuine amusement. Annie Smith as Martha Bunn, a presumptuous Irish servant girl, also kept the audience in continuous roars of laughter. A. C. Egan was quite efficient as Henry, and Ella G. Greene was delightfully coquettish as Charlotte Rums. The minor parts were all fairly well done, and everyone seemed satisfied with the evenings entertainment.

THE CLIO IN OUR SECOND HONEYMOON.

The reorganized Clio Society gave their first dramatic performance at the Brooklyn Athenaeum on Friday evening, Jan. 27, in a performance of *Our Second Honeymoon*. The cast was weak in some respects but this was owing to a lack of experience rather than inability. The stage settings were much admired. T. F. Young and Fannie Rorke, as Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Marchmont, carried off the honors. John Robinson and Miriam Smithson, as Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Brunt, also came in for a good share of popular favor, while Charles Worthington and Pauline Furech gave satisfaction as Mr. and Mrs. Capt. Poppet. G. P. Patti was the life of the piece as Smart. R. J. Fleury was fairly competent as James Banks. George Dikeman was deficient in his lines, destroying thereby the favorable impression he might have made in this role. Belle Fleury did Clara Smeaton in a conspicuous manner and May Castell made a commendable attempt as Sally Mavbud.

AMATEURS IN THE MASCOTTE.

La Mascotte was presented by F. Irving Crane's Vocal Chorus at the Brooklyn Athenaeum Jan. 30, the programme stated by request. However true that may be, it is safe to assume that the moderately sized audience felt much disappointed by knowledge of the fact that after a year's rehearsal the people engaged in the production should obtain such poor results. Nothing else could possibly be expected, however, in view of the fact that all the attention during this period was devoted to singing the choruses, and no attention whatever was paid to stage rehearsing. There were only two or three in the whole cast worthy of any attention. Mollie Sandriest, who sang the part of Bettina, displayed a good mezzo-soprano voice, but she lacked artistic repose in her acting. Fannie Rorke presented Flannett in a thoroughly commendable manner, and R. F. Conroy as Lorenzo and W. C. Cook as the Doctor were quite amusing. The singing of the *Magnolia Quartette* in the second act also deserves commendation. Messrs. Mulligan, Maloney, Gold and Lewis, of this quartette are all excellent singers, and won repeated encores. Outside of this feature and the people mentioned above the affair was a dire failure.

NOTES.

The Davenport will present Robert Macaire on Feb. 29 at the Brooklyn Athenaeum. The Ticket of Leave Man is understood to follow shortly afterwards.

The Amaranth gave a very pleasant "at home" at the society's rooms on Wednesday evening Jan. 25. The programme included a soprano solo by Mrs. Foster L. Barker, violin solo by Master Fred. Frankel, recitations by Missie C. Dorion and V. Mott, Jr., and musical selections by the Brunswick Quartette.

The Clifton Literary Society presented *Above the Clouds* on Jan. 25 at Bedford Hall, Brooklyn, with the following cast: Philip Rineold, T. R. Hagelund, Alfred Thorpe, W. L. Hopkins, Anna Gaylord, E. M. Cruikshank, Howard Gaylord, C. H. Alliger, Thos. Turtle, T. R. Moore, Curtis Chapman, J. M. Pomeroy, Nat. Taylor, D. W. Jarvis, Grace Ingalls, Lizzie V. Fisher, Hester Thorpe, Mary F. Brannan, Lucy Gaylord, Josie Burham, and Lucretia Kasky Safford.

Considerable interest is manifested in the fact of the Amaranth entrusting the part of Gretchen to an outsider. However, the lady in question, Miss Sedgwick Collins, bears a splendid reputation for her abilities, and it is hoped that the confidence reposed in her will be more than verified by her acting in this role.

The Early Dance and Comedy Club gave an entertainment at the Hotel Brunswick, Monday evening, Jan. 30. The affair was under the direction of E. J. Burke.

Through an oversight Thomas T. Hayden received no credit for his excellent impersonation of the last Booth performance.

The Barrett Dramatic Society has been reorganized by some of its old members in conjunction with a few members of the late Montague Society. They will produce *The Octoroon* on March 10 at the Brooklyn Athenaeum.

The Amphion Academy, the new theatre in Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, which was inaugurated on Friday last by the National Opera company, is the design of Messrs. McEfairick and Son, the New York architects. It is constructed to seat 1800, and its form is well adapted, upon scientific principles, to insure good acoustic qualities. The balconies are very lofty. The decorations are of cream color, gold, blue bronze with rich green hangings. The lighting is a perfect arrangement of electricity for all parts of the house under the control of a switch system at the prompter's desk. It is the arrangement of Electrical Engineer F. R. Chinnock, on behalf of Edison. The stage arrangements are good, the dressing room being in wings of the building, where there is also a spacious scene dock, leaving the stage clear with a depth of 43 feet from the curtain line, and a proscenium opening of 42 feet wide. C. Mortimer Wiskie is the manager. The cost of the theatre has been in the neighborhood of \$200,000.

Edward J. Cross has made sweeping changes in the Hilarity company since he purchased Messrs. Retlaw and Alton's interests in it. Charles A. Loder is the only remaining member. Mr. Cross states that he will play only first-class theatres. Ed. A. Braden continues in advance. Mr. Cross says that he has just closed a five years' contract with a very talented soubrette, whose name is withheld for the present.

The Usher.



Mean him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

The word "anarchy" is derived from two Greek words which mean without head or government. Webster defines it as "want of government, the state of society where there is no law or supreme power." I do not think that history furnishes a single example of a state or nation literally in a condition of anarchy. The most turbulent revolutions have always aimed at change of government, not the destruction of all government.

Did Suele Mackaye consider this when he gave his play the title, and afterward the subtitle of Anarchy? In the Terror there was no lack of law or government—there was too much of both. Mere violence, and bloodshed, methodically conducted, do not constitute anarchy; nor does judicial murder and outrage if it is committed in the name of government.

There's another thing I should like Mr. Mackaye to tell me, if he is prepared to answer questions and give reasons. Where did he get his authority for setting the time of criminal execution at night? Was it so arranged to give Paul Kauvar a chance to tell how he escaped from the tumbrel on the way to the guillotine when the moon was hid by a convenient cloud? In the wish to be original a moonlight execution may serve very well as a novelty, but is it not somewhat out of place in a play for which the author specially claims accuracy and historical value?

It has often been said that unity of action among managers is an impossibility. It does not look that way in view of their universal determination to organize for protection against the pernicious Firemen's Bill. In these days of trades unions and corporation trusts why should not the managers band together for mutual benefit? Were it to compass any unrighteous purpose the proposed fusion would be deplorable; but it is to resist outrageous encroachments on their business rights—encroachments that have hitherto been suffered in silence—and for such an end the alliance deserves the sanction and support of all.

The Actors' Benevolent Fund—a London institution, somewhat akin to our Actors' Fund—held its annual meeting the other day at the Lyceum. Of the eight thousand people connected with the English theatrical profession thirty showed enough interest to attend. The financial statement showed that the year's income had been about \$14,000, of which all but \$600 was expended in relief. There had been 767 ordinary cases and 193 emergency cases relieved. D'Oyley Carte, who acted as chairman, made a speech in which he deprecated newspaper subscriptions, discouraged stage door collections for needy professionals, and characterized in no measured terms the malcontents who had filled the papers with accounts of trumped-up grievances. Evidently managing the Benevolent Fund is not grateful work, but the men who give their time to it have the satisfaction of knowing that it is a power for good.

The press wants to usurp among other things the functions of the priest. For years past, at stated intervals, various newspapers have solemnly declared that The Gusher is the wife of The Usher, irrespective of the conclusive fact that The Gusher and The Usher are only related through the felicitous ties that bind The Mirror staff in one happy family. The Albany Union is the latest contemporary that would drop the G from Gusher, without saying to her so much as by your leave. It opines that my account of Mrs. Leland's benefit was written by my wife. Dear boys, no such luck. Dear girls, I dwell in a state of single-blessedness. However, this is leap-year, and leap-year is full of unforeseen possibilities.

In many of the dailies the paragraphs regarding current productions read as if they were written by the managers themselves. At two theatres, for instance, there are plays running which the papers chronicle with persistent regularity as howling successes. That is what the management, in both cases, say, too. But the facts are that at one of these houses there was a general reduction of salaries on account of bad business two weeks ago, while at the other the actors have been warned of a forthcoming shaving down unless the receipts take a turn for the better. And so it goes. Is it because "nothing succeeds like success" that there is always a disposition to dazzle the lay reader with glittering tales of profit? And is it true that people will go to see a play merely because they read that it is a draw?

is really attracting crowds or not? I pause for a reply.

Pirates Trying It On.

Swift justice fell on the heads of two women-stenographers who were acting the part of play-thieves at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, while Robert Downing was playing Spartacus on Jan. 24. The play, written by Dr. Bird for Edwin Forrest, was bequeathed to John McCullough, and on the latter's death its acting rights were purchased by Manager H. J. Mack for \$5,000. Its popularity has excited the cupidity of pirates, but every attempt hitherto to announce the play, with a misleading title, has been promptly stopped by the Guaranty Trust Co. of Philadelphia. Manager Mack, on the night in question, found the two women taking full notes of the drama. He was too chivalrous to have them arrested, but at the fall of the curtain on the close of the second act, Harry Meredith came before the curtain and stated that the piece was a constant target for pirates, and that the most daring attempt of all was in progress at that representation. He said that two women on the front seats were copying the lines as they were spoken. By his remarks and glances he indicated them to the audience, and the latter hissed as the crestfallen women left the house.

Coast Drift.

Manager Al. Hayman arrived in this city on Tuesday from San Francisco. When seen by a MIRROR reporter, he said: "We have had terrible weather on the Pacific Coast since the holidays. Change for the better had just come when I left. Considering the weather, our holiday business was good. At present we are doing an enormous business both at the Baldwin and the California. At the Baldwin the Carleton company is playing a phenomenal four weeks' engagement—the best Mr. Carleton ever had in California. As a result he will come back next year. A Dark Secret is being given at the California, and it played the first week to receipts of nearly \$8,000, and the business promises to be good the entire four weeks. A Dark Secret will be followed by Lost in New York, also given by the stock company. The tank is a great go. Of the stock organization, both Frank Carlyle and Annie Mayer, my new leading people, have become general favorites. I am more pleased than I can say of the success of She at Boston. I am now negotiating for several plays to put on at the California Theatre. "The sum of \$25,000 will be spent on the Baldwin by Mr. Baldwin and myself at the end of the season, and I shall open the new theatre and the season with the Lyceum Theatre company in The Wife. It is my intention to remain in New York until the 1st of May, and I shall then probably go to Europe for six weeks before returning to San Francisco."

Gossip of the Town.

Billy Cartwright, the minstrel, goes to Dock-stader's on Feb. 13.
Mattie Wood joins Jennie Yeamans' company next Monday.
Maurice Grau sailed for Europe on Saturday last on La Gascogne.
Mary Carlyle, who has been quite ill for some time, is convalescent.

She will be presented in Brooklyn next week, and then goes to Washington.

Carrie Drury is a recent addition to McCarty's True Irish Hearts company.

B. F. Horning and Angie Griffiths join Dr. Howard's Hoop of Gold company temporarily.

Francis and Alice Gaillard, late of Duff's and McCaull's Opera companies, are at liberty.

Natural Gas will have its first production in this city at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in March.

J. Charles Davis and Joseph K. Emmet, Jr., will spend the Summer in Maine, hunting and fishing.

Elwin Strathmore, an ambitious young actor, would like to obtain a position in a good company.

Tillie McHenry has been engaged for Fowler and Warrington's Skipped by the Light of the Moon company.

Miss Vivian, of Moore and Vivian's company, is ill, and will rest for two weeks by advice of her physician.

Russell Williams, formerly of The Arabian Nights company, has returned to this country after a flying trip to England.

Mrs. E. M. Post is engaged to play Mrs. Peyton in The Octoroon. The company opened in Philadelphia on Monday night.

The receipts of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in Faust, for five nights and a matinee at the Biston Theatre the past week, are given as \$21,500.

Gwynne's Oath; Nelson Wheatcroft's play, is to start a tour of the English provinces on Easter Monday, with Florence Wade in the principal role.

A. M. Palmer has secured the American rights to Daudet's L'Arlésienne, which has made a hit in London under the title of The Love That Kills.

Myron Calice denies that he was ever engaged for the Light on the Point company. He is playing Captain Redwood in one of the Jim the Penman companies.

The London Gavey company, with Nellie Farron and Fred Leslie at its head, will open its season at the Standard Theatre on Nov. 19. The engagement is for eight weeks.

Clinton Stuart is under contract to write a play for the Lyceum Theatre, the characters of which are to be specially adapted to the different members of the stock company.

James K. Keane and Alice C. Keane are to leave the True Irish Hearts company on Feb. 4 to star in Burr Oaks which the author, D. K. Higgins, has entirely reconstructed.

The musical comedy known as Hilarity has been purchased from Retlaw and Alton by E. J. Cross. Charles A. Loder, the dialect comedian, will continue at the head of a host of comedy stars engaged in the production. These include Beatrice Goldie, Blanche and Kitty Van Ohlen, the Archmere Sisters, Mack Charles, Thomas Christy, W. W. Hughes and T. H. Flynn. Professor Edward Howson will head a picked (all soloists) uniformed band. All the adjuncts of Hilarity, including the orchestra and pit band, will be new.

Genevieve Lytton is reported as the latest engagement by Manager J. M. Hill for Sydney Rosenfeld's comedy, A Possible Case, to be produced at the Union Square Theatre on March 26.

John Kastendike, lately with ABox of Cash, is confined to his house in Brooklyn, suffering from an affection of the ear, which the attending physicians fear may deprive him of hearing.

Harry Greene, who has just closed as acting manager of the Great Pink Pearl company, has been engaged by Miles and Barton as advance agent of the Lost in New York company.

William Gillette arrived in the city last (Wednesday) night. He will at once go on with rehearsals of The Private Secretary, which is to open at the Park Theatre, Boston, on Feb. 13.

Among the people already engaged by Manager J. M. Hill for the production of A Possible Case are Genevieve Lytton, Frank Losee, Charles W. Bowser, F. B. Conway, Jr., and M. A. Kennedy.

Flora Walsh (Mrs. Charles H. Hoyt) is ill. Her place in A Hole in the Ground is taken by Nettie Lyford, who is found to be superior to the original in the role of the Lady of the Lunch Counter.

William Harris, of Rich and Harris, Boston, has signed a contract for a term of years with Harry Kernell, the Irish comedian, and will put him on the road at the head of a vaudeville organization.

Vernona Jarbeau and her Starlight company have returned to the West from New England, where they are filling three weeks of one-night stands. They once more move upon Chicago on Feb. 27.

The McCaull Opera company will present a new version of Boccaccio at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Feb. 23. The opera, in its new shape, may also be produced at Wal-lack's Theatre next Summer.

Kate Claxton opened her second week at the People's Theatre on Monday night to a large house in The World Against Her. The piece has made such a hit that it will doubtless be made the *piece de resistance* of the actress' repertoire.

The hundredth performance of Pete will take place at Harrigan's Park Theatre on Tuesday evening, Feb. 14. The occasion will be made memorable by the presentation of handsome satin programmes to the audience, while the theatre will fairly bloom with flowers.

T. W. King, of Saratoga, author of The Judge, is writing a new musical comedy. He has christened it A Base Hit, and it is written to the order of Will H. Hays, of George C. Brotherton's Temple Theatre company.

E. M. Gardiner is so well satisfied with the results of the Zozo business that he has concluded to strengthen the company next season and newly costume the play. He will book only in regular-price theatres and manage the tour in person.

Manager H. R. Jacobs has added one more house to his extensive circuit. It is the Brooklyn Theatre, which he has leased from Henry C. Miner. There is some open time to be had; also open time at the Grand Opera House, Buffalo, and Opera House, Utica.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Dixie recently returned from a very successful tour in the South. They will shortly start out again. Mr. Dixie received some fifty replies to a recent card in THE MIRROR, and is filling his time with certainties at the rate of two or three a day.

The Still Alarm is doing a great business in the week stands of the West. Owing to a change in route, there are a few open dates between Feb. 11 and March 26. Messrs. Lacy and Arthur, the sponsors of the Alarm, may be addressed at the Haymarket Theatre, Chicago.

Next season, wherever possible, T. H. Winnet will introduce a real horse and sleigh in the snow scene in Passion's Slave. The rickety staircase scene—a recent London success—will also be a marked feature. Leslie Miller is now playing Captain Bagdon in A Great Wrong.

Hattie Schell jumps next week from St. Louis to Bangor, Me., to join the Easterns Held by the Enemy company, as the lady is quite a favorite in the East. Minnie Dupree goes from Manchester, N. H., to take Miss Schell's place in the Western company.

Manager Daniel Frohman has decided to remove four of the upper outer boxes at the Lyceum Theatre, and put in their stead forty comfortable chairs, twenty on each side of the balcony. This will increase the money capacity of the house over \$400 a week.

An emotional drama entitled Good News, which ran for 150 nights at Astley's Theatre London, will be put on the road about April 2 with R. A. Roberts in the principal role, that of Tim O'Hara. The play is from the French, by Tom Webber, the actor, under whose management it is to be produced.

With the ending of Harry Miner's proprietary interest in the Brooklyn Theatre, on Saturday night, H. C. Miner, Jr., who has been acting as the manager of the house, will start on a tour through Mexico via the West Indies. Young Mr. Miner will probably not continue in the theatrical business, on account of his health.

R. E. Stevens, the well-known manager, has terminated his engagement with the Frank Bangs Francesca da Rimini company, returning direct to this city to manage the coming tour of Julia Marlowe. The company are now rehearsing at the Bijou Theatre, and will open their season at the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, on Feb. 6.

Arthur Jule Goodman is the name of the artist who is painting the act-drop for the New Broadway Theatre. Mr. Goodman is a follower of Matt Morgan and has studied in Europe under Bougreau, Fleury and other artists. The subject chosen is Detti's "Arrival of the Bride."

Frank W. Sanger has secured the American rights for Mrs. Oscar Beringer's new drama, Tares, produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London, on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Sanger has secured all the successful London productions this season, including The Bells of Haslemere, Calthorpe Case, A Brave Coward, Nitrois, etc.

It is stated that the Casino management is making arrangements for the presence of both the author and composer of Ermione on the night of the 700th performance of that comic opera, Wednesday, Feb. 29. Harry Paulson, the author, is at present playing in this country with the Dorothy company, while Jakobowski, the composer, is in Europe.

Charles T. Parsloe's Grass Widow company, now playing to fine business in Cleveland, will return to New York at the close of this week, resuming tour in about a fortnight. Mr. Parsloe prefers to remain idle than play the one-night stands booked. The remainder of the season will be devoted entirely to week-stands.

Manager J. M. Hill has received from London and placed on exhibition in the lobby of the Union Square Theatre a beautiful white and gold frame of photographs of Helen Barry, representing that actress as Lady Gay Spanker, Countess Armande Chandos, Rachel Trevor and Countess D'Autreval. In the centre is a miniature on ivory by a London artist.

W. W. Kelly, manager of the Princess Theatre, London, sailed for England, after a three weeks' stay here, on Saturday last. Before his departure arrangements were satisfactorily concluded with Manager A. M. Palmer whereby the scenery and costumes supplied by the latter are put into the hands of Grace Hawthorne, who produces Theodora in London under her own management.

Estelle Clayton is meeting with marked success on tour in her own play, A Sad Coquette. The attention of local managers is called to a few open dates in the Middle and New England States. Miss Clayton's manager is William E. Elliott, whose New York representative is H. S. Taylor, 23 East Fourteenth street.

Charles Erin Verner will make his New York bow in Shamus O'Brien as soon as his manager can secure a date at a suitable theatre. Should a metropolitan date for Shamus be effected, the romantic Irish play will be finely mounted and costumed. Mr. Verner recently played a fine engagement at the Brooklyn Grand Opera House.

John F. Ward, the comedian, has just closed a season of twenty-two weeks. D. H. Wilson, his manager, is well pleased with the results, and speaks of the season as an "artistic triumph everywhere." A new comedy is being written for Mr. Ward, to be produced in September next. D. H. Wilson, whose address is 41 Main street, Buffalo, will continue as Mr. Ward's manager.

G. W. Sammis, of Richard Mansfield's staff is in trouble, and he doesn't know how to end his vexations. There are three Sammises in the profession—Clark Sammis, formerly with Ermione; G. W. Sammis, treasurer of the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, and G. W. Sammis. All three are Brooklyn boys, and for the last two years the three have been receiving one another's mail. They don't know what to do.

The following is the full company engaged to support John A. Mackay in Pop and One o' the Boys: H. W. Emmet, John P. Savage, Charles Willard, Mr. Lang, Mabel Sterling, Carrie Richardson, Clara Coleman, Dolly Kline and Lottie Campbell; besides a chorus. Rehearsals are now being held at the Bijou Opera House, and the season will open, under the management of Leander P. Richardson and Jay Rial, at Buffalo on Feb. 13, with Detroit to follow.

E. M. Gardiner, the manager of the Nordeck company, wishes to tender the thanks of the company to the Lake Erie and Western Railroad company and their general passenger agent, W. T. Lee, for a prompt settlement of every claim of the members injured in the railroad accident of January 17. Mr. Lee took the trouble to meet Frank Mayo's company at Lafayette, Ind., for the purpose of a settlement.

C. H. Mestayer and Helene Brooks (Mrs. Mestayer) referring to the closing of the Windsor Theatre on Tuesday week, explain that their reason for leaving the Jeffreys Lewis company was the non-payment of salary by her. They were dressed for their parts and would have played if Miss Lewis had paid \$50 out of the \$300 due them for salaries owing for some time. Their course was adopted under legal advice. Miss Lewis not finding the money, and it being too late to change the bill, the theatre was closed. Helene Brooks has since accepted an engagement to play Silver Bud in the Ranch to company.

"There is not a word of truth in any reports that may be circulated about the effect that salaries are being reduced in the Paul Kauvar company at the Standard Theatre," said Frank W. Sanger to a MIRROR reporter yesterday. "No salaries have been reduced, and none will be. The people of the organization were engaged for eight weeks. At the end of that time, Feb. 18, it was intended to make some alterations in the cast wherever it is possible to improve it. Our business is splendid, and we have nothing to complain of." Members of the company, however, state that a reduction has been requested for the contemplated four supplementary weeks.

Rudolph Aronson finds it difficult to get away on the days that he sets for his departure from Europe. It is now definitely announced that he will either have taken passage yesterday (Wednesday) or that he will sail on Saturday. He will bring with him several new compositions by Jakobowski, the composer of Ermione, to be heard for the first time at the 700th performance of the opera, on Feb. 29; and it is quite possible that Jakobowski himself will come over to be present on that occasion. Mr. Aronson will also bring over the costume-plates for The Oolah, designed by Piliottell, of London, as well as a number of details and effects to be used when the new opera is to be produced.

Tony Pastor's new traveling company will include the following English artists, all of whom come direct from England: Little Tish, the Donnellis, the two Armstrongs, Revue and Athos; Miss Gallimore, the sisters St. Albertis, the Lindays, and Farrell and Wil-mott. From this country there will be Max Pettigill and his acting dog; Gilday and Beane, and Herr Pitrot, facial artist. Mr. Pastor has made a contract with Cook and Son, tourists and travelers' agents, to bring over his company via the White Star Line steamer Celtic, leaving Liverpool on March 7, and opening the season at Tony Pastor's Theatre on March 26. Charles Godfrey, the English comic singer, has made a contract with Mr. Pastor, by which a company of English artists will combine with American and tour the country the coming Winter as Pastor and Godfrey's Show.

"I am not making arrangements for an extensive Summer tour," said Manager M. W. Hanley to a MIRROR representative yesterday. "I have given up the idea of visiting California this Summer. My reason for this is that Mr. Harrigan needs a little rest, and he has made up his mind to take it this year. We will, however, make a short tour, playing a few of the neighboring cities—Boston, Brooklyn and Philadelphia—for a couple of weeks each. That will be all. Pete will be

the play, and we shall do that alone in all of the cities except Brooklyn, where it is possible that we shall put on Old Lavender for the last week. At the close of the season, and for the rest of the Summer, Mr. Harrigan and I will go on a trip to Ireland and the Continent."

Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, backed up by Manager David Bidwell, of New Orleans, will establish a theatrical bureau, with headquarters in New York City, beginning May 1. They will devote a good portion of their time to booking attractions through the South, and announce their intention of supplying combinations with all information possible about this particular section of the country. "This part of the country," writes Mr. Klaw, "seems to be a sealed book to combination managers, as a rule, and it will be a godsend, I think, to have a bureau where reliable information can be obtained as to what towns are worth playing, railroad rates, equipment of the theatres, etc., etc." Manager Bidwell has given these young men unqualified endorsement and exclusive representation of his theatres.

Pronounced successes usually come to light in some metropolitan birthplace and go upon the road when a reputation has been made in some critical centre. The reverse of this has taken place with Estelle Clayton's new play, A Sad Coquette, which was played at Rand's Opera House, Troy, on Friday evening last with the "genuine stamp" of standard merit upon it. It is true that it was played at the Union Square Theatre for Sara Jewett's benefit, but that was not a professional production in the ordinary sense. Miss Clayton has not stopped on the threshold of success by laying down the pen and letting another interpret her drama. She essayed to show upon the stage its tender sweetness and emotional pathos, and aided by her own beauty, pleasing voice and intelligence, has created a part of a good, true but wilful American girl, which will gather laurels for her. The papers along the route speak highly of the performance.

What They Say of The Mirror.

A letter from an American resident in far off Cairo, Egypt, says: "We were all charmed with the Christmas MIRROR. You know the average Englishman who has not seen the States is apt to believe that we all eat our boiled buffalo with hunting knives and depend on our rifles for our marketing. So I took great delight this evening in dropping into the Khedivial Club and accidentally letting Tux MIRROR fall out of my hand on a table in front of a particularly self-contented crowd of my Asiatic brethren. A general exclamation followed when they found out that it was a dramatic journal, and America! The Christmas MIRROR, Gracchus, figures a droll illustration of Berlin, Rome and Paris as well as here, and I was very proud to be able to claim that, taking it all in all, inside and out, it was worthy to stand by the test of them, while as a dramatic paper they admitted that they couldn't begin to match it. Hoorsay!"

George W. Reed, business manager of the People's Theatre, Chicago, writes: "In all my twenty-five years' experience never was an idea suggested and utilized of more benefit to the profession generally than your Directory, which will give publicity to the permanent addresses of all professional artists. The thousands of dollars you will save them in middlemen's fees ought to bring them to their knees in heartfelt thankfulness. May you live long and prosper!"

"I have always been a constant reader of your valuable paper," writes Edmund Bentley, of the Zulu company, "and consider it by far the best dramatic journal in this country. The practical energy and enthusiasm with which you have exposed many causes resulting in great benefit to the profession cannot be too highly commended and appreciated. Actors will yet learn that it is that strives to do them the most good. Agents are humbugs and always have been. They are a money-grabbing set, the Jews of this business, whose only care is for themselves. And it is principally the laziness of actors on which they have fed and grown complacent. I have never got an engagement through an agency and trust I never shall. Your forthcoming Dramatic Directory will, I hope and believe, in time cause many existing evils. In my opinion it is the best, because the most practical step toward improvement that has yet been attempted. Success cannot fail to crown efforts in this direction because they are worthy, and what is worthy is enduring."

Manager Will J. Davis, of the Chicago Haymarket, writes: "I wish to testify just here to the appreciated value of Tux MIRROR's columns, and to assure you that I shall continue the use of them whenever occasion demands."

"To all that has been said," writes Helen Blythe, "let me add how much I enjoyed your Christmas Number. It was the most interesting I think, of all the annuals—in fact a very bright MIRROR."

"I must tell you," writes Viola Allen, "how delightful I found the Christmas MIRROR this year, and congratulate you on having gotten out such an entertaining number. My compliments may be a trifle late, but you must blame the thermometer for that. It has been almost cold enough out here in Minnesota to freeze one's very thoughts."

Adèle Godov writes of the reception accorded this Number in Amsterdam, Holland: "It is a work of art and a decided success in every sense of the word. I have read and admired it, and so have my friends here. All are unanimous in declaring it unique and deserving the front rank among Christmas Numbers published here, there and anywhere."

"I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper," writes Bertha Livingston. "It takes the lead and is far superior to any of its class."

John E. Keller writes: "Every day makes Tux MIRROR a paper of greater reputation, and pushes it further into significance all so-called 'rivals' in the same field of journalism."

Bessie Bernard, of New Orleans, writes: "The weekly MIRROR is as indispensable to me as my morning cup of coffee. Can I say more? Did I ever tell you of my MIRROR picture gallery? For months past I have carefully preserved the cuts in a scrap-book, and now have a fine collection, each as perfect as a photograph."

Letter to the Editor.

MANAGER HANNA SPEAKS OUT.

MATTSON, III., Jan. 26, 1906.
Editor New York Mirror:
Dear Sir: In your issue of the 14th you publish a letter from Graham Erlanger that does me a gross injustice, as there is not a statement in the letter but is absolutely and wholly false in each and every particular, and this man knew the statements he made were false, and he made them knowing them to be untrue, solely that he might get revenge for something but imaginary wrongs. The Opera House at Mattson is a new brick structure with an entirely new tin roof that does not leak, much less does the wind come howling through it; and it is always made warm and comfortable not only in front but back. It has four large dressing rooms and has accommodated without complaint the Emma Abbott English Opera troupe, the late John McCullough and his company, and many of the excellent companies on the road. There is never a word of complaint except from the ten-cent harem-keeping companies that come here and board at some cheap, out of the way and uncomfortable hash-house, and want to make a hotel and waiting and loafing room of my house—something I never have or will I ever allow. Yours truly,
Manager Opera House, Mattson.

P. S. The Graham Erlanger engagement here has fully satisfied me that it is not the proper thing for me to do to take these cheap ten-cent one-hour attractions and there will never be another one in any house with which I am connected.
J. W. H.

PROVINCIAL.

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

weather 37, but received a large house at 31 seats. Excellent. Held by the Korny to. First-class attractions are drawing good business.

DOVER.

City Opera House (George H. Demerit, manager): Keep it dark to go good business Jan. 23. Maud Banks in loss of Arc to one of the largest houses of the season. Miss Banks was wonderfully improved since I last saw her.

NEW JERSEY.

Trenton. Taylor Opera House (John Taylor, manager): The performances by the Atkinson and Cook co. last week were of a good order and were witnessed by large houses. Wilbur Opera co. 6; C. E. Verner 13; Wages of 31 2-3.

Atlantic Temple Theatre (A. Phillips, manager): Misses the clown was the attraction Jan. 26, and did a fair business. Blanche Miller 2-4.

Item: E. P. Sullivan severed his connection with the Atlantic and Cook co. Jan. 26.

Mirror Hall (William M. Albert, proprietor): W. L. Allen's Main Line comb. played blizzard-like weather Jan. 26. Business small. Play well staged; performance ran smoothly, and gave good satisfaction.

Opera House (H. R. Jacobs, manager): Corinne in Arcadia drew crowded houses Jan. 23-30. Co. good and gave good satisfaction. This week, Maud Banks; next, the Rio Grande.

People's Theatre (A. Phillips, manager): Arizona Jan. 26. Business small. Play well staged; performance ran smoothly, and gave good satisfaction.

Parlor Match was given at Miner's Theatre Jan. 30. Charles Evans as the book-agent was extremely funny. Frank Daniels in Little Puck 7.

H. E. Jacobs' Grand Opera House: The Waifs of New York was presented to a large audience, Jan. 30. By their applause showed their appreciation. N. S. Wood as Willie Rufus was up to the usual standard of excellence in this line of character. Next week, H. C. Miller's Zita co.

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business. Miss Clayton is a very beautiful woman and a talented actress. She represented a bright, vivacious, coquettish girl, with whom the course of true love fell to run smooth. The support was good and the play well performed throughout. Richard, manager.

Potter Opera House (N. S. Potter, manager): Ryan and Ford's American Specialty co. Jan. 20-21, to large business. The co. contains twenty-two people, and give a capital variety show. Amsterdams Fair Jan. 20-21. Called by West, Gray Sisters, Fred Morphet, Blood and Shelp.

POUGHKEEPSIE.

Collingwood Opera House (E. B. Sweet, manager): Estelle Clayton in A Sad Coquette to fair business Jan. 23. Richard, manager.

Item: The Opera House attaches went on their annual high-ride Jan. 28, and had a "large" time. William W. Swan, the popular newsdealer, is a great favorite with theatrical people, and is well patronized by them.

Band's Opera House (E. Smith Stratt, manager): Fair attendance greeted Peter Baker at the one presentation of Chris and Lena Jan. 25. Estelle Clayton, whose beauty won the admiration of the small but select audience who ventured out during the blizzard to witness her in A Sad Coquette 27 1-2, should have been better patronized, as the co. is a good one.

Grissold Opera House (Jacobs and Proctor, manager): Peck's Bad Boy was the attraction last week. Felt the strength of the blizzard, but did fairly well at that. Zeno this week, Dowling and Hanson in Nobody's Claim following.

New Opera House (J. E. Vanden, manager): The West Prince Sisters gave one of their unique entertainments Jan. 27. They came to us under favorable auspices, but owing to the extreme cold, with the thermometer below zero, they had but half a house.

City Opera House (E. M. Gates, manager): A Grand Widow by Charles T. Parole's co. drew fairly well Jan. 26. The co. is good throughout, and make the best of the piece, that is very light. As but little opportunity is given to show Mr. Parole's specialties, the audience were somewhat disappointed.

Opera House (Wagner and Reis, manager): Harriet's Hippocampus to very poor business Jan. 24. Mattie Vickers and co. gave a very pleasing rendition of Jacques 28 to a delighted audience.

Item: Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Farrington gave a luncheon in honor of Miss Vickers and Mr. Rogers evening of Jan. 24. Mr. and Mrs. V. Moore, Miss Thorne, Mr. Wagner and Mr. Cressall being present. A most delightful evening was given.

Opera House (H. L. Wilson, manager): Spencer's Little Tycoon Opera co. to full house Jan. 24. Jennie Yeaman in Our Jennie gave two performances to fair business 28-30. Little Tycoon 28.

City Opera House (W. S. Dibble, proprietor): Richard O'Gorman presented Human Nature to a well-pleased audience Jan. 24. Henry Miller's Silver King co. gave the best entertainment 27-28. The evening, which is the only one of the season, attracted business somewhat last week. Two Old Crookes 28.

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Item: The manager feels greatly obligated to William Rogers, the Opera House, for his attention to the Silver King co. in trying to get the scenery and costumes for the co., but at each attempt both he and his men were forced to abandon the work on account of the storm.

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will be too small to hold the people. With the exception of the Germans this was emphatically the best attraction this season.

Woodward Opera House (J. G. Hunt, manager): C. A. Lohr's Hilarity co. came at first attraction in four weeks; business will be big owing to scarcity of co. Kenyon College students and some young ladies here have formed a dramatic society to present plays and operas. First performance Crick on the Hatch 19.

Parrot Opera House (G. E. Rogers, manager): Charles A. Gardner in Karl Jan. 25 to good business. Pessio's Slave co. 27 to fair house; co. fair. Two Old Crookes played returns to good business 27-28. Jennie Yeaman in Our Jennie 28 to 30. Mr. Naled and wife are still at the Lima House.

Opera House (Miller and Hirschhofer, manager): The Light of the Moon Jan. 25 to large audience; good co. Jennie Yeaman 16, Charles A. Gardner in Karl 13.

Forey Opera House (Forey and Scoley, manager): Harry Lindley Comedy co. in Little Killa Club, Lost in London, and Phoebe. Mr. Lindley black face and make-up in L. K. Club best I ever saw; good old road co. Jan. 16-18. Pessio Maria, child six years old, sang her in A Sad Coquette 27 1-2, and dancing Harry Lindley 4, Danciana 8, Oliver Wren 11.

City Opera House (Roosman and Gardner, manager): Sallie Hinton and a fair support closed week of Jan. 25 to fair business, presenting Little Barfoot and Francis the Cricket in her repertoire. McNab, Johnson and Slavin 4, Rag Baby 6.

Opera House (W. N. McKenna, manager): James Roach in the Irish comedy, Dan Darcy, to a good house Jan. 27. He is a Deanna Thompson in Irish, an emerald version of the conventional Yankee farmer, supported by a fair co. The military drama (so-called) was put on for the benefit of the Logan Rifles, our crack military organization, 27, under the management of Messrs. Harry Marden, who did some specialty business and filled the cast with amateurs, though it was difficult to determine which were professionals, they all were very bad. Perhaps Messrs. Anderson, Hanson and Simpson should be excused. The drill exhibition of the corps of 114 was exceedingly well done. Stopped by the light of the Moon was played to full house 28, and in spite of the Moon's light, the co. did well. M. Kendrick is as good as the original O'Garra, which is great praise. William Blaisdell as Crackle was excellent. W. H. Collins and Julie Smith were worthy of social attention.

In the Wings: Kendrick is among friends while here.

Gardner's Music Hall (S. S. Levey, manager): Dan's Sully co. in Daddy Nolan to good business Jan. 25. The play is a good one and dancing, which delighted the large audience present.

Kirkland Theatre (E. W. Scott, manager): This place of amusement had three large houses to witness the Jan. 25-27. The co. is good, and dancing, which delighted the large audience present.

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to greet Mrs. D. P. Bowers in Queen Elizabeth's gown. Bowers certainly is a superb actress. She portrays the character of the Queen to perfection, and her performance has gained a host of friends and admirers here. Her support is poor. W. G. Beach made a fair hit in the third act. *Patti Ross 16.*

BRENNHAUS.
Grand Opera House (A. Simon, manager): Edwin F. Mayo Jan. 23 in *Davy Crockett* to only fair house. Bad weather the cause. Edwin Mayo is very good. Support good.

HOUSTON.
Pilot's Opera House (H. Greenwall and Son, manager): Edwin F. Mayo in *Davy Crockett* Jan. 23 to only fair house. The Abbott Grand English Opera co. so; matinee and night; crowded houses so-1.

UTAH.
Salt Lake Theatre (H. S. Clawson, manager): Edwin F. Mayo in *Davy Crockett* Jan. 23 to only fair house. The Abbott Grand English Opera co. so; matinee and night; crowded houses so-1.

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VERMONT.
BRATTLEBORO.
Town Hall (H. R. Lawrence, manager): Third annual term here of Murray and Murphy in *Our Irish Visitors* to good house, in spite of the storm. Performance fine; first-class support; good band and orchestra. Keep it dark; S. Myers Goodwin 27.

VIRGINIA.
RICHMOND.
Theatre (Mrs. W. H. Sherwood, manager): Carrie Tutin came Heavy Pepper in *Nan's* Act 1 to a large audience. The Tutin came Heavy Pepper in *Nan's* Act 1 to a large audience. The Tutin came Heavy Pepper in *Nan's* Act 1 to a large audience.

NORFOLK.
Academy of Music (J. K. Strassburger, manager): The opera, *Three Black Cloaks*, was presented a good audience by local talent. The event of the season was the appearance of Mrs. James Brown Potter before large audiences in *Loyal Love* and *National Opera*. Mrs. Brown Potter in *Loyal Love* and *National Opera*. Mrs. Brown Potter in *Loyal Love* and *National Opera*.

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Dillon, Allice Irving deserves special mention in the cast. First act, in three weeks.

Item: Charles W. Wood, the colored tragedian, is to be educated at Beloit College at the expense of some Eastern gentlemen.

CANADA.

TORONTO.

Grand Opera House (O. B. Sheppard, manager): Fogg's Ferry and Our Angel was served up at this house by Lizzie Evans and Co. Jan. 23. She is a clever and painstaking little artist, and has associated herself with a good array of talent, which succeeded admirably in entertaining their patrons. The balance of the week was filled by E. J. Fogg in *The High-est Bidder*. He made a very favorable impression in the character of Jack Hammer. The part fits him like a glove, and it was gratifying to see the numerous re-ally balanced and are talented actors. Special praise is due to Charles B. Bishop, who in the part of Bonham Cheviot shares honors with the star. In point of fact the greater part of the applause was rendered him, and justly so. He is a fine actor, and his performance was capital, and by his natural grace and acting, in addition to her lovely womanhood, captivated her audience. We have never had a better all-around co. in Toronto. Business good. Bunch of Keys and Janss-ckish this week.

Toronto Opera House (Shaw and Jacobs, manager): The weather all week has been below zero—way down—terribly down, and so has the performance of Bella Moore and Co. in *Mountain Peak*. I regret to be obliged to chronicle that the week's receipts were below anything this season—but neither the star or co. merited much. I am informed that the co. disbanded here, as their business, mostly one-night stands, has been disastrous. The heavy snow blockade on all roads running into Canada has seriously interfered with the co. booted here. Late arrivals of trains, a. c., have left the curtains in their places until an hour after their time.—Bill Nye is going to have a big house; a large number of seats sold.—Jan. 27, V. J. London, B. A. delivered the second lecture of his series on "Mental Action," to the students of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

OTTAWA.

Grand Opera House (John Ferguson, manager): Charles T. Parnell and The Grass Widow entertained Jan. 23-4. Frankie Kemble in *Sybil* 27. Business light owing to the extremely cold weather played Jan. 30-1.

LONDON.

Grand Opera House (John H. Davidson, manager): Ada Gray in *East Lynne* had large house Jan. 23. John H. Davidson in *East Lynne* had large house Jan. 23. John H. Davidson in *East Lynne* had large house Jan. 23.

MONTREAL.

Academy of Music (Henry Thomas, manager): M. Janssuek opened Jan. 23, to a good-sized audience in a dramatization of Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Guy Mannering." M. Janssuek's impersonation of the weird character of Meg Merillies the type, though slightly marred by the foreign accent, is very powerful, especially the last two nights, the support as a whole is poor, but the play does not give them very much scope. Later in the week Mr. Her and Son and Marie Stuart were presented. Current week, Frankie Kemble in *Sybil* 27.

THEATRE ROYAL (Sparrow and Jacobs, managers):

Gray and Stephens with their dramatic duo opened Jan. 23, to S. R. O. and this order of things has continued at every performance. The last two nights the co. appeared in *Without a Home*; next, *The Old Oak*. Buckle was presented for the 6th time in *Montreal*. In this play a very realistic fire scene is introduced. Saved from the storm 27. The co. is fair of its kind, and the dramatic duo, Fred's Bad Boy this week; next, *Zora* 30-Feb. 4.

DATES AHEAD.

Managers of travelling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same timely to reach us on Monday.

DRAMATIC COMPANIES.

A. M. PALMER'S IN THE PENMAN (Western Co.): Philadelphia Feb. 4, Pittsburgh Feb. 4, Loganport Feb. 4, Columbus 4, Atlanta 4, Montgomery 4, Pensacola 4, Mobile 10-11, New Orleans 13-18.

A. M. PALMER'S IN THE PENMAN (Special): Brooklyn 30-Feb. 4, Brooklyn, E. D. 6-11, Jersey City 13-18.

ADA GRAY: Chicago 30-Feb. 4.

ALICE HARRISON: Washington 30-Feb. 4, Wilmington, Del. 6-8, Philadelphia 13-18, N. Y. City 13-18, Providence 6-11.

ARABIAN NIGHTS CO.: Cincinnati 27-Feb. 4, Providence 6-11.

AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS: Caldwell, Kas. 3, Arkansas City 4, Winfield 6, Wichita 7-8, Kansas City 9-11.

AL S. PHILLIPS: Baltimore Feb. 6.

ATKINSON'S JOLLITIES: Elkhart, Ind. 6-7, Kalamazoo, Mich. 8, Grand Rapids 10-11.

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town 17-18, Meadville, Pa., 21, Titusville, Pa., Bradford, Pa., Williamsport 25, N. Y. City 27-28.

FRANK JONES: Philadelphia 30-Feb. 4, Salem, N. J., 6, Bridgeton 7, Melville 8, Wilmington, Del., 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 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1837, 1839, 1841, 1843, 1845, 1847

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Professional Delays.

—Arthur C. Bell has resigned from O. W. Wren's company.

—J. F. McIlwain is engaged to sing the Marquis in the road Calico company.

—Florence Lytle is to go on tour under the management of T. J. Quinn and Herman Dawson.

—Charles E. Koebe intends returning to journalism. He severed his connection with the Boston Ideal recently.

—On Sunday last the Howard Bloch, at Malaga, N. Y., including the Howard Opera House, was burned to the ground.

—Charles Burke has been engaged for Town Lots. The piece will be brought out on Monday next at the Windsor, Chicago.

—T. C. Howard has been engaged to play leading business with the Ranch King company, which is en route to California.

—Don Pachard has joined the Mrs. Goodwin company to play Timothy Tyrrell in Philopoea. He is said to have made a success with it.

—The new Opera House at Tarentum, Pa., opened under S. M. Kennedy's management on the 26th inst. Frank Jones is the attraction.

—In Plymouth, Mass., on Monday night, the Emma Hall company opened to a packed house, according to a dispatch from Stage-Manager Max Rosenberg.

—Claire Scott is getting together new wardrobe and scenery for the early production of her new play, The Pinner's Daughter. She scenery for the first act will be carried along on tour.

—Theatricals of New Bedford, Mass., rejoice over the extinction of polo, which had a withering effect upon theatrical receipts, causing many excellent attractions to give the city the go-by.

—W. S. Cleveland is now the sole proprietor of Haverly's Minstrels, E. de Tomasso is treasurer, and W. H. Hanks press agent. The troupe opened in San Francisco for two weeks on Monday night.

—The Tull Family and Rock Band Concert company is now on its first Southern tour, under the management of H. J. Norman. This, the third season, is the most successful since the organization was formed.

—Some \$15,000 is being expended upon improvements at the Princess Theatre, Galesburg, Ill. This is done with the object of making it a worthy successor of the Opera House that fell a victim to fire some time ago.

—Charles Atkinson has sold out his interest in the Atkinson and Cook Dramatic company to Justin Adams. The organization will continue under the old name with the names of Adams and Cook as proprietors.

—Ed. S. Halstead is one of the rising young comedians. His first is the lighter French school. At present Mr. Halstead is convincing audiences by his performance of Oleo Mashing in that successful skit, Keep It Dark, in support of Mr. Bryant and Miss Richmond.

—Lillian Lewis is playing Lena Despard, a dramatization of As in a Looking Glass, by Lawrence Marston, in the South and West. Mr. Marston is with the company leading business. P. S. Mattox has rejoined Miss Lewis as business manager. He writes that Miss Lewis is having a successful tour.

—Monroe and Rice have bought Allan Gray's company, Theatrical Mercury. It is described as differing from its contemporaries in that there is "a total absence of all slap-stock methods and forcible horseplay." Special scenery will be carried. Two American companies are preparing the music. The piece will probably be tried in Boston, instead of Cincinnati, as at first intended.

—In the hotel adjoining O'Brien's Opera House, Birmingham, Ala., is an electrical contrivance placed in the bridal chamber. When the door opens a cloud of sparks descends from the ceiling and strikes a chime of bells on the chandelier. Instantly a music-box plays "Come Rest in This Room," "Let Me Kiss Him For His Mother," etc.

—Ferdinand D. Fisher writes from the West with enthusiasm over the success of A Cold Day; or, The Landlady, of which he is the sole owner. "This is the best season Cold Day has had, and I find no difficulty in building away into next season with return dates in plenty. So long as business goes on as it is doing just now—and it is splendid—there will be no need of making a change."

—Manager Arthur Miller, of Minnie Maddern's company, writes to the manager of the Garfield Opera House, Kansas: "Let me express the utmost gratification at finding you complete and well equipped a theatre in your growing young city. I heartily recommend the same to all good traveling combinations, and hope they may meet with the same splendid success that has attended our engagement just ended."

—Helmer and Lieta, the theatrical wig-makers of this city, have met with very gratifying success since they opened their establishment on Fourth avenue. Their work always gives satisfaction and there is no concern in the city that can equal it. Among their patrons are Rose Coghlan, Annie Robe, Annie Russell, Lizzie Evans, Lila Fuller, May Yobe, Maida Craigie, Emma Abbott, Robert Downing, George Edgar, L. R. Willard, Creston Clarke, and others too numerous to mention. Bold-headed actors say that they could not play youthful parts were it not for Helmer and Lieta's remarkable toupees.

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R. RINDFLEISCH & SONS, Props.

The management of the above resort will rent the ESPLANADE and complete STAGE-FITTINGS suitable for

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Parties commanding first-class attractions can obtain favorable terms for the season of 1888, during which the

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beginning July 4 and ending October 28, is being held.

The Commissioners thereof will expend over

\$1,000,000 ON BUILDINGS AND ATTRACTIONS.

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Good Comedian for Operas.

Well up in entire repertoire of comic operas. Good engagement to COMPETENT party. Address

E. F. ALBEE, Bijou Theatre, Boston.

WANTED.

Two Good Character Actors

Willing to work for half salary, but sure. Character Old Woman who can sing; Two Young Amateur Gentlemen; one Young Amateur Lady; four Young Ladies as

beginners and sing in chorus. Address

RESPONSIBLE, care MIRROR.

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The Marvellous Melodramatic Successes.

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EDWARD S. HALSTED. Comedian. With

Keep It Dark, season 1887-88. Address MIRROR.

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Agnes Herndon Company. Address as per route.

ETHEL BARRINGTON. Late as Nibbe in A

Night Off. At liberty. Address MIRROR.

FANNY DENHAM ROUSE.

As Ellen Jarvis in Lights of London. Address as per route.

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English Cotton, also Lisle Thread Tights, and Shirts, both the Heavy and Fine Grades.

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59, 61, 63, 65 Orchard street, N. Y.

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GRACE HAWTHORNE

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Care N. Y. MIRROR.

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BLOOMFIELD OPERA HOUSE,

situated in the heart of the town of Bloomfield, New

Jersey. The hall will seat 1,000 people. Scenery and

other effects will be sold with the building. The two

stores, with plate-glass fronts, will rent for enough to

pay the interest on the investment, leaving the theatre

rent free. The building is of brick, with Philadelphia

brick front, and will be sold for a quarter of its cost. For

further particulars apply to ROBT. APPEYTON, Jr.,

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purpose of forming tours for stars and combinations, collecting

royalties and arranging with managers for the

production of new plays, and am also the authorized

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sique and the natural talent, and cannot help but suc-
ceed.—St. Joseph Herald, Sept. 27, 1887.The personation of Iago by McLean was unique,
and met with the approbation of the audience in every
particular. His command of voice and facial gesture is
good, and his representation of the barbarian was above
criticism.—Lincoln (Neb.) Democrat, Sept. 13, 1887.Mr. McLean is a Virginian, and a young actor of
marked power and talent. His rendition of the barba-
rian evinced close study and ability to create his con-
ception of the character. He has a rich, full voice,
which he uses skillfully, and his facial expression is also
excellent. His fine figure and manly beauty serve him
well. His acting is easy and effective. His voice is full,
strong, well modulated and under perfect control.—Bur-
lington Hawkeye, August 25, 1887.Mr. McLean played the title role, with Miss Marie
Prescott for his Parthenia. Both characters were ad-
mirably sustained. Mr. McLean, in his make-up as the
barbarian, made a magnificent appearance, and his act-
ing was very realistic and true to the part. His voice is
deep, full and rich, and his acting is fine, both as the
wild barbarian chief and the love-torn Greek.—Mont-
gomery (Ala.) Advertiser, Dec. 27, 1887.Mr. McLean, as the barbaric Iago, was the ideal
of the character, strong, huge, fierce, with a magnificent
physique and voice. He fills the part to the satisfaction
of the most captious critic.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Metro-
politan, Dec. 10, 1887.Mr. R. D. McLean won his way into the hearts of the
audience. The barbarian he displayed wonderful
genius as an actor, but it was after he united his fate
with the Greeks—when he refuses to betray his country-
men and sacrifice hope, joy, love, almost life itself—that
he excels himself and climbs to that sublime heightwhich marks him for a great tragedian.—Montgomery
(Ala.) Dispatch, Dec. 27, 1887.Mr. McLean was the ideal Pygmalion, looking every
inch the noble Athenian. He is an actor of decided abili-
ty, and his talents are especially adapted to the legiti-
mate.—Atlanta Constitution, Nov. 3, 1887.Mr. McLean, as Jacques, added greatly to the success
of the play. He is a careful, ambitious actor, and ren-
dered his part with fine effect.—Birmingham (Ala.)
Herald, Nov. 2, 1887.Mr. McLean as Shylock evidenced thorough acquaint-
ance with the character, copying no actor, and yet pre-
sented such a few as Shakespeare drew—one of flesh
and blood; and human. His acting was excellent and he
reading good.—Tribune (New Orleans), Jan. 31, 1888.The Jacques of Mr. McLean was one of that gentle-
man's best presentations here. His voice and dignity
well fitted him for the character of the philosopher of the
forest, and his calm, clear delivery added much to the
effect of his lines. He gave evidence of marked im-
provement since his last visit, and elicited the warmest ap-
plause. His bearing is admirable, his movements easy
and graceful, and his gestures unconstrained. In his de-
livery of "All the world's a stage," he has led him to
strive a trifle too much after elocutionary effect, but be-
yond this Mr. McLean was excellent throughout.—Times-
Democrat, New Orleans, Jan. 18, 1888.The large and refined audiences which have thronged
the Avenue Theatre to witness and criticize the pre-
sentation of certain popular dramatic characters, have given
emphatic demonstration of their admiration and indorse-
ment of the art and magnetism of the leading lady and
gentleman in the casts at that theatre. The imprimatur
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distinct intellectual conception of the character pre-
sented by him, and in his recitations of the lines of the
dramatist's expression of the sentiments embodied in
his utterances.These are the native gifts of that magnetism which
commands the sympathies and extorts the applause of
all refined audiences. They are eminently illustrated by
Mr. McLean, and have been greatly improved by study
and the most laborious devotion to the profession.
These have enabled him in a much briefer time to ac-
quire skill and finish in his art, in which others have
been compelled to undergo a much longer probation.
This is due to the personal magnetism with which he is
endowed, and the earnest devotion and enthusiasm with
which he has pursued his aspirations for eminence in his
art.All who have witnessed the presentation of the single
character thus far gives must have been struck with the
spirit and justness of his conception, and with another
characteristic of his elocution, avoiding a defect of many
dramatic and public declaimers and elocutionists. This
is in the complete and distinct utterance of the lines of
the drama to the closing words of each sentence, instead
of reducing them to a mumbling indistinctness, or
smothering them in louder toned words preceding. It
was in the conception and avoidance of this defect of
many declaimers that Booth and Forrest achieved their
wonderful success. Those who attend Mr. McLean's
appearances will observe that every sentence and phrase
is thrown forward in the grand tones of a splendid voice,
with a distinctness which leaves no auditor in doubt as
to the meaning thereof. This is a rare, attractive and
pleasing characteristic of Mr. McLean's elocution.—New
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